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# My Lord and Master

By  
MARTHA MORTON



SAMUEL TRENCH, 25-27 West 38th St., New York



# HER LORD AND MASTER

A COMEDY

IN

FOUR ACTS

BY

MARTHA MORTON

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Original)

RIGHT. HONORABLE THURSTAN RALPH CANNING  
VISCOUNT— *Mr. Kelcey.*

LORD NELSON STAFFORD— *Mr. Morton Selten.*

MR. "FRED" STILLWATER— *Mr. Charles W. Stoke.*

"GLEN" MASTERS— *Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.*

JENNINGS— *Mr. Percy Brooke.*

FLASH— *Mr. William Elliott.*

LADY HELENA CANNING—Thurstan's mother and  
sister to Lord Stafford— *Mrs. Isabel Waldron.*

GRANDMA CHAZY BUNKER— *Miss Hattie Russell.*

MRS. STILLWATER— *Miss Ida Darling.*

KITTY— *Miss Winona Shannon.*

INDIANA STILLWATER— *Miss Effie Shannon.*

ACT I—On Mr. Stillwater's Game Preserves and  
Model Farm, U. S. A.

ACTS II, III and IV—Lord Canning's House, Lon-  
don, England.

Originally produced at Detroit Opera House,  
Detroit, Mich., September, 1902  
C. S. ROBINSON, *Stage Manager.*

# HER LORD AND MASTER

## PROPERTY PLOT

### ACT I

SCENE.—STILLWATER'S bungalow, Colorado, U. S.

*A combination hunting lodge and model farm. Interior of hallway in house—made of logs—the logs showing on the inside—large pine logs, with the bark on, run longitudinally about the walls from the top of a 5-foot wainscot, to the ceiling. The wainscot made of smaller logs and set in patterns forming panels—similar to the bamboo work of the Japanese. A shelf surmounts the wainscot and runs around the room. Shelves over doors also. A balcony runs down a part of right side and across the back—this is supported by columns of rough logs. Around balcony runs balustrade made of small rustic logs. Doors, arch and windows as per diagram. Furniture made of rustic work and some pieces of the Minnesota Green Grass furniture. The entire scene decorated in American, Indian materials and handiwork.*

PROPERTIES.—Down R. (on scene)—Shelves over wainscot—doors and seat; grass chair over R. C.; seat against wall and steps up R. C.; tabourette and Indian basket down R., up R. C.—small tree in bucket; small table; arm chair. Up L. C.—piano and stool; small tree in bucket; small chair. Below door L. 1 E.—tabourette and palm in basket; green grass table; rustic saw-horse with three large logs. Down L.—Mantel shelf

*over fireplace; large black fire irons; fire logs; shovel L., tongs and poker (hanging on fireplace). Down L.—Large armchair (back to audience).*

*On scene—over shelf R.—Ram's head; over door R. deer head; over mantel L., large black bear's skin; C., large deer head; C., large Indian plaque down L.*

*On shelf down R.—Drapery, 2 pieces Indian embroidery, Indian basket, Indian bowl.*

*On shelf (over door R.)—Two Indian baskets, water-bottle, two Indian leggins, small drapery.*

*On shelf (over seat)—drapery, Indian basket, small pottery.*

*On seat R. C.—Cushion, mountain lion skin, 4 green pillows, Home Journal, paper covered novel.*

*Hanging on lower balcony—Large green Indian drapery, small red-beaded collar.*

*Hanging on upper balcony (over seat)—Yellow East Indian brocade.*

*On platform and steps—2 Navaho Indian rugs.*

*On column at angle of stairs—Indian head dress.*

*On balcony C.—Deer head, with beaded jacket above it. 2 Serapio Indian rugs draped either side of deer head. Red and black Navaho rug draped at extreme L. end of balcony.*

*On table up R. of arch C.—Books, magazines, papers, etc.*

*In chair up R. of arch C.—Cushions, pillows.*

*On piano—Up L. of arch c.—Mountain lion skin pottery and baskets.*

*On table below door L. 2 E.—Tray, glasses, vase of flowers.*

*On mantel down L.—Indian drapery—upper end—Indian plaques, baskets, embroideries, bead work. Pottery hanging down from lower edge—moccasins, quiver, war club and arrows.*

*In arm chair L.—Pillow, Indian war clubs, moccasins, etc., hanging from brackets of torches. 3 large rugs arranged as per diagram. Fur rugs in front of fireplace and seat R. C. Large Russian seat (rustic) hanging by black iron chain over L. C.*

*On seat—Green cushion, pillow and lion skin. 2 or 3 magazines are thrown on the floor under this seat.*

NOTE:—This seat is hung from gridiron by ropes, the chains only going through ceiling (the holes being protected by 2 Indian baskets.) 2 iron legs are put on the end toward center of the stage, 16 in. long and are hidden from audience by lion skin. When hung the legs swing free from the stage, but prevent ropes stretching too much by supporting any heavy weight.

*On balcony, Veranda up c.—2 veranda chairs—table with palms. Upper part of veranda covered with vines. Ground cloth covers entire stage, representing plained boards.*

SIDE PROPERTIES.—Off R. Large potato in handkerchief (STILLWATER). White Rose—(INDIANA).

*Off L.—2 guns (ladies) INDIANA. The other gun used by both CANNING and STAFFORD. Lunch basket with champagne bottle (FLASH). Glass pitcher of water (KITTY). Dress cloths R. 2 E. R. 3 E., L. 2 E. Green curtains at arch c. Windows in gable, windows R. and L. of arch c.*

## LIGHT PLOT

### ACT I

*AT RISE.—House about one-half up. 1st border down, white foots down, white sidelights down. Amber foots full up. White bunches R. 1 and 2 E.—L. 2 E. 2 amber strips (R. and L.) and back of arch c., up full. Amber strip (c.) back of veranda rail up full. Blue strips (c) back of veranda rail up off. Amber calcium on drop—from R. Rose, calcium on drop—from L. Lamps in lanterns—ready to be turned on from switch at back of R. column of veranda. Lamps in torches on balcony—ready to be turned on from switch on back of scene, off L. 2 E. Fire in fire-log L. 1 E. As soon as curtain is fairly up 1st border and white foots and side lights up full.*

*Cue—At exit of LORD STAFFORD—1st border works down slowly.*

*Cue—At entrance of "GLEN"—Amber foots work off; red foots work on.*

*Cue—At exit of "LORD CANNING"—White foots and side lights begin to work down; amber calcium R. change to rose; amber strips work off.*

*Cue—at exit of "GLEN"—White foots and side lights down to a glow. Blue calciums R. and L. worked on 1st R., then when full that on L.*

*Cue—When calciums are full blue—blue strip on.*

*Cue—Shortly after exit of "INDIANA" "KITTY" enters—L. 2 E. and as she turns on switch up L. C.—torches are turned and white foots; side lights and 1st border come up full.*

*"KITTY" goes directly to column of veranda up R. C. and turns switch connecting lanterns; on veranda.*

*(NOTE:—Rose colored lamps in lanterns and torches.)*

*Design for torch and bracket. Torch representing a pine knot. Flame shaped globe. Rose colored lamp. Black iron bracket.*

*MUSIC.—Trio, "Foxhunters' March" once.*

*CURTAIN.—1 shot off L. 3 E. Lights go up.*

*Entrance of KITTY R. 2 E. FLASH C. from L.*

*KITTY, black gown, white collar and cuffs, apron and cap.*

*FLASH, corduroy suit, basket.*

## ACT I

*(1 shot heard (distant) as soon as curtain up, enter from outside, L. U. E. to C. arch FLASH, a typical English cockney valet carries a lunch basket, puts it down C. KITTY enters from upstairs R. 1 E. and looks over at FLASH. A pretty pert young Eastern servant girl)*

*KITTY. (going to table up L.) How d'ye, Mr. Flash?*

*FLASH. (c., with a smile, bows and with effort at politeness, raises his hat) Miss Kitty— A fine day's*

sport. I've never seen 'is Lordship in such good temper for 12 consecutive hours before, and their h' appetites, bless them—the victuals have vanished and they've drained the bottles. (*takes a bottle from basket and turns it upside down*)

KITTY. (*arranging flowers*) So the Lordships are enjoying themselves, eh? Well it was a lucky day for them when they fell in with the Stillwaters. We are celebrated for being magnificent entertainers. (*arranging flowers in vase*)

FLASH. (*coming down c.*) It is a big thing, as you say in H'America—to be 'unting and 'unting for miles and miles—and still be 'unting on your own 'unting grounds.

KITTY. (*with a toss of her head*) This wilder-ness is nothing— You should see Mr. Stillwater in his office in Chicago—a king of railroad magnates.

FLASH. (*puzzled*) A Magnate?

KITTY. That's an electric power that attracts metals. (*KITTY arranges drapery on mantel and pillow in chair down l*)

FLASH. No wonder he's so rich. I say—Kitty—'Ow much 'is 'e estimated at—say—say—two hundred thousand pounds? three? five?

KITTY. (*going to FLASH, contemptuously*) Mr. Flash, you are a nice young man but you're very inexperienced (*x'ing R. arranges pillows on seat and chair R.*) A man who knows how rich he is—is not a rich man in America. He's only well off—Mr. Stillwater has reached that stage where money is never even mentioned— Now the ladies—Miss Indiana, her mother and grandmother—have a camp in the Adirondacks much handsomer than this. A villa in Newport and there is talk about building a stunner in New York. So in the future when they say in America a man's rich—you will understand he is not limited to figures— (*Enter MR.*

STILLWATER, a typical American gentleman of about 40, hearty and unaffected. He is in negligee costume, shows good breeding, with a touch of independent spirit, looks off L. at back) (KITTY sees MR. STILLWATER who enters from back at R.) Oh Mr. Stillwater. (FLASH stands aghast—listening with open mouth) He's an American gentleman. He is free and easy with everyone. (FLASH makes a movement to run off) (KITTY contemptuously) Don't run, he won't bite you—

MR. STILLWATER. (coming down c.) Folks home yet, Kitty?

KITTY. The hunting party, sir? No sir, Lord Stafford's valet has just come in. (x'ing L. and up L. 2 and exit)

MR. STILLWATER. Ah! (looks at FLASH who stands bowing and scraping in contrast to KITTY's independent fearless manner)

MR. STILLWATER. (down L. sits) What sport?

FLASH. A magnificent day sir,—Partridges as thick as rabbits—sir.

(Enter KITTY with tray, pitcher of water and glasses. KITTY puts a big glass pitcher of ice water on table, pours out a glass and takes to MR. STILLWATER who takes a long draught as MRS. STILLWATER enters, a very young woman attired in rich dinner dress R. 1 E. up steps. MRS. S. anticipates her first speech and enters during following lines, but only in time to reach lower steps and speak 1st line)

MR. STILLWATER. (taking him in) What's your name?

FLASH. Flash, sir: Lord Nelson Stafford's man, sir.

MR. S. Where do you hail from? (FLASH puzzled) What's your birthplace?

FLASH. Oh!— Devonshire, sir. Devonshire—  
H'England, sir.

MR. S. Devonshire's a great farming country.  
What do you think of my model farms?

FLASH. I'm an expert on farms and—I've never  
seen its equal even in Devonshire. (MR. STILLWATER  
*laughs a hearty gratified laugh*)

MRS. STILLWATER. (1st speech) Indiana not  
home yet?

FLASH. (*bowing and scraping*) Their Lordships  
and the young lady is acomin' along, mum. Their  
Lordships h'are h'admiring the scenery. (KITTY  
*behind bows and scrapes in pantomime imitating*  
FLASH *who exits*. KITTY *follows him with a toss*  
*of her head, and a look at MRS. STILLWATER who*  
*laughs*) (KITTY *leaves water, etc., on table L.*)

MRS. S. (*on the stairs*) I shouldn't care to have  
that man in my employ. He's too obsequious.

MR. S. (*laughing*) That's English, you know.  
I must confess he's a little too crawly for my taste.  
(*going c.*) Bess, I'll have something to show at  
the next county fair that'll make the neighboring  
farmers look rather *small potatoes*. (*opens handker-*  
*chief and shows a very large potato*)

MRS. S. (*coming to MR. S. c.*) Fred, you are  
working on that farm as if your living depended  
on it.

MR. S. (*L. of c. seriously*) My living does de-  
pend on it. I should have been under the ground  
now if I had not taken to out-door life. I've sat  
in my office and doubled my capital without turning  
a hand—but that's the pace that kills.

MRS. S. (*R. of c.*) Fred.

MR. S. Don't be so anxious, I'm all right. I  
consider every potato that costs me ten dollars to  
raise, equivalent to a doctor's pill. Dear heart, how  
sweet you look. The country air and quiet life

haven't done you any harm either. Do you remember, Bess, a wavy field of wheat and an audacious young lover who wouldn't take *no* for an answer. We had some happy days in Indiana.

MRS. S. (*with a sigh*) Yes: The early struggle was hard, and when our little baby girl came, our Indiana, everything seemed to prosper with us. I've tried to deserve it all. (*head on Mr. S.'s shoulder*)

MR. S. (*takes her face between his hands*) "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath". "Than my dear wife Elizabeth." (*kisses her*)

(*Enter GRANDMA CHAZY BUNKER R. 1 E. up steps; a woman of 50 or thereabouts, white hair very artistically arranged, looks 35, very lively manner and very youthful. Elegantly dressed for dinner.*)

MRS. B. (*on steps*) Break away. (*dryly coming between MR. and MRS. S.*) Young lovers—sober down. You have a daughter in the *matrimonial market*.

MR. S. (*puts his arm about MRS. BUNKER and gives her a hearty smack, as he swings her to his left*) Roses and lilies (*R. arm around Mr. S.*) (*L. arm around Mrs. B.*) If I were not quite sure you were my wife's mother I'd never guess your age within twenty years. How old are you anyhow, Grandma?

MRS. B. (*rather sharply, x'ing to L. C.*) Oh, come off! That's none of your business, Fred. While I feel young and look young, the years I've lived don't count. (*x'ing to fire L.*)

MRS. S. (*putting her arm about MRS. B.*) Don't mind Fred's jokes, mother. (*Mrs. B. laughs good-naturedly*)

MR. S. How long are those English friends of yours going to stay?

MRS. B. (L. c.) I'm sure I don't know. Lord Stafford is a devoted sportsman and his nephew, Lord Canning—is piling in information about the country. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help guying Lord Stafford. He looks at me with those owl eyes of his (*closes her eyes and opens them again very slowly and widely to imitate LORD STAFFORD*) and takes all my jokes—for solemn earnest—

MR. S. You will flirt, Grandma.

MRS. B. I will, while there's a breath left in my body. (*to fire*)

MRS. S. (R. c. *anxiously*) Grandma, you are not thinking of marrying again.

MRS. B. (*laughingly*) I'm not the only marriageable candidate in the house.

MR. S. (*startled*) Mother, keep your match making hands off Indiana—I won't have it.

MRS. B. (L. *sweetly*) Wouldn't you like to see Indiana, Lady Canning?

MRS. S. No mother, no!

MR. S. (c.) My girl's a good little yankee and she shan't emigrate. Yes, there are rich emigrants and poor emigrants and it's leaving your own country bag and baggage—England's got the flower of our women already. (MRS. S. *sits on seat R.*)

MRS. B. You talk like a back-woodsman. You've never been abroad.

MR. S. (*up to arch c.*) No. You can do the globe trotting for the family. Is there anything better than this in Europe? Those Englishmen are wild over the place. Well—hit me between the eyes with the Jungfrau—but I've got the Rockies—only a stone's throw away. I can see all the snow I want there. Where can you see another Niagara—or a

Yellowstone Park—or a stretch of Balsam Woods like the Adirondacks or—a— (*down R.*)

MRS. B. My dear Fred, your Spread-Eagle-ism is wasted on me. You can be sure of one thing—when Indiana marries we won't be consulted. She'll please herself. Ah! Lord Stafford! (*greets LORD STAFFORD who enters C. from L. a typical Englishman about 60, very aristocratic and rather stiff, in hunting costume with a gun. FLASH enters L. U. E. and takes gun and exits at once L. U. E.*)

NOTE:—*This gun will also do for LORD CANNING.*

LORD STAFFORD. (C.) A most enjoyable day's sport, Mrs. Bunker.

MRS. B. (L.) Did you find the country interesting?

LORD S. Very. Life here is a decided novelty. (*2 shots off L. 3 E.*) When you invited us to rough it with you in the backwoods, we did not expect all this— (*x'ing down L. in front of swing to fire with MRS. B.*)

MRS. B. I assure you, Lord Stafford, we consider *this* camping out.

(LORD STAFFORD *greets* MR. and MRS. S. *Outside a laugh as* INDIANA, *a girl of 18, in becoming hunting costume, enters laughing heartily, followed by* THURSTON, LORD CANNING, *about 40, L. to C.*)

(FLASH *enters L. U. E., x's to R. of arch—takes guns and exits L. U. E.*)

THURS. (*outside*) Bravo! Bravo! (*ad lib as they enter*) (L. of C. *up*) You've brought-down the last bird, Miss Stillwater.

INDIANA. Not Stillwater—Stillwater (*takes out*

*cartridge shell and throws it away, gives gun to FLASH and brushes dress)*

THURS. Stillwater. Thank you very much. (*gives gun to FLASH*) Mr. Stillwater, we've had a charming day Mrs. Stillwater—you daughter has taken me in hand. I am beginning to acquire the Western burr—but your wonderful idioms I am afraid I shall never— (*FLASH exits with guns L. U. E.*)

INDIANA. (*x'ing down R. C.*) (*saucily*) Don't be afraid. I'm a good teacher and you're not so very stupid. Now suppose you saw a chubby little partridge over there in the long grass, and as a good Westerner—you intend to bag him—what would you say?

THURS. I should say—I'm afraid the little beggar's out of gun shot—but I'll try—

IND. (R. C.) That's not American—to be afraid.

THURS. (C.) No—you'd guess—

IND. What! I guess, when there's game to bring down?—Never! (*raising her gun and leveling it at THURSTON*) I'd just bag him. Afraid?

THURS. (*meaningly*) No!—Ready and eager to be sacrificed. (*looks straight at her*)

MRS. S. (*on seat R.*) Are you tired, Indiana?

IND. Not a bit—give me a kiss Bess! (*sits by MRS. S.—kisses her*) There, Freddie's jealous! (*exit R. and kisses MR. S.*)

MRS. S. She's trying to get round you Fred. Beware! (*x's to C. making a circle to stairs and exits speaking in dumb show to LORD T. as she goes off R. 2 E.*)

IND. (*pulls MR. S.'s head down*) Glen's been horrid all day. He's jealous. (*laughs a girlish heartless laugh as MR. S. exits R. 1 E. laughing*)

MRS. B. (*sits on swing L. C.*) What have you found most interesting in the States, Lord Stafford?

LORD S. (L.) Well I should say—

MRS. B. (*quickly*) Don't be afraid to commit yourself—you hate to make a positive assertion.

LORD S. Quite so, Mrs. Bunker. I think more slowly than you—and you have asked me quite a difficult question.

IND. (R. *who has been taking off jacket assisted by LORD T. He puts in on L. end of seat R.*) I'll answer it for you, Lord Stafford (*to c.*) You have come west ostensibly to shoot things, and your nephew for scientific purposes, ostensibly, but you spend night after night over your brandy and soda—discussing the American woman. (*c. to R.*)

LORD S. (L. *The two men look at each other and burst into a laugh*) Remarkable!

THURS. (C.) (*laughing heartily*) How did you find us out?

LORD S. Are you not both very remarkable women— (INDIANA and MRS. B. *look at each other and burst into laughter*)

IND. (R.) Lord Stafford, I assure you, I'm a very ordinary person!

THURS. (*to* INDIANA) I dispute that statement, Miss Stillwater.

MRS. B. (*on seat L. c.*) You'll find women like me all over the states—you see—we don't become old before our time—to make way for the girls. I had a daughter to rear and I did it as well as I knew how—then I superintended my granddaughter's training—now she's a woman—I'm commencing all over again on my own account—ha! ha! ha!

LORD S. Remarkable! Bewildering!

THURS. Charming—charming I assure you. (*up c. with* INDIANA)

LORD S. Charming! Oh yes, charming!

MRS. B. (*making room for LORD S. on swing,*

*who sits L. of her*) How is it that a good catch like you has escaped the matrimonial anglers so long?

LORD S. (*pulling his mustache, very much amused*)

MRS. B. (*confidentially*) Now why don't you marry?

LORD S. (*with a gasp, rising*) Er—er—I'm rather sensitive about answering such personal questions—my own sister never asked me that—she asked me if I should marry—but never why—never why—I did not marry!

MRS. B. (*sweetly*) You'll tell me, won't you?

LORD S. Ah! By George—I declare—I've never even asked myself that question.

MRS. B. (*rising*) Well! ask it quick! Start an investigating committee and find out something about yourself. You don't know how long you are going to live. (*x'ing to steps up R.*)

LORD S. Mrs. Bunker, one never knows what you are going to say next. (*goes up L. of swing to C.*) Most remarkable woman, your grandmother. (*as he exits C. to L.*)

MRS. B. (*on stairs over rail to INDIANA*) Good hunting, Indiana?

IND. (*with a comprehensive look at LORD STAFFORD*) Good hunting, Grandma Chazy— (*exit MRS. B. with a laugh R. 2 E.*)

IND. (*x'ing to table L., getting a drink from pitcher and glass looking at him quizzically*) You see we know our Kipling—are you going to put me in your book? Am I the type of American woman you will describe? (*down to fireplace*)

THURS. (*to R. end of swing*) I am not going to put you in my book. I am going—well never mind—you are not the type—you are a type—

IND. (*with quick intelligence*) That's so! The States are too large for any one distinctive type of woman. But we all have that "up and doing kind of spirit," you call it, "nervous activity." The Southern girl is neutrally active—the Eastern girl aggressively active.

THURS. And the Western girl—

IND. Judge for yourself—

THURS. (*with humor, taking her in*) Physically—a light weight.

IND. But strong. I can climb a tree, vault a fence, ride a horse bare-back, straddle—or side-saddle.

THURS. And mentally?

IND. (*x'ing to swing*) Flexible—I have an enormous faculty of devouring literature, good, bad and indifferent—I love music and painting.

THURS. Character—undeveloped?

IND. Perhaps! But I have decided political views. I am an expansionist. I believe in the imperialistic policy—in annexation—in stretching out and grabbing everything I can get. (*gesture to suit words*)

THURS. Bravo! You are the most interesting—

IND. (*sitting*) (*interrupting*) As a study—or as a woman.

THURS. (*close to R. end of swing over INDIANA*) When I cease to study your imperfection I commence to love them—I—

GLEN. (*A young American about 21—handsome, straightforward—a little rough in manner but very honest*) (*Enter C. from L., x's down back of swing*) Indiana! (*holds in his hand a dead bird*)

IND. (*rises, taking it. THURSTON over R.*) Oh! Glen—the poor little thing: It is quite warm—how cruel. I'll never shoot another bird as long as I live. (*puts her cheek down to dead bird—GLEN takes bird*) Oh! we're very proud of Glen—Lord Canning—He's a character—he hates cities—

GLEN. (C.) I do sir, but I'm not out of the swim. I keep myself posted on the politics and literature of the world—I fought for my country in the Spanish-American war and when it was over I came, like Cincinnatus, back to the plow. Indiana—I'd like a few words with you when you are at liberty. (*x's up R. C. and puts down bird and game bag*)

THURS. Miss Stillwater. (*bows and goes up slowly, looks back at GLEN with a comprehensive smile, exits R. 1 E.*)

IND. (*looking after THURSTON thoughtfully*) He's a dear. He never asks prying questions—and he's never in the way.

GLEN. (*down C.*) Too slow for me— I suppose you must have somebody to flirt with.

IND. (*half to herself—half to GLEN L. C.*) Perhaps I'm in earnest—this time.

GLEN. Indy, don't talk like that. While you're single I shall never give up hope.

IND. (*sweetly*) It's a waste of time, Glen.

GLEN. (C.) (*passionately*) Why! Indy—why! Do you know any handsomer fellow than I? Or some one who could love you better? As for money—I could launch you—as fine as the next one—now—what's in the way?

IND. (*undecidedly*) You haven't the modern improvements—I must marry a man of the world—I want to live in the world. Besides we are both undeveloped. (*x'ing R. C., taking off hat, puts it with coat*)

GLEN. (*scornfully*) Modern improvements— I can buy a complete outfit of them at a fashionable tailor's.

IND. I don't want that kind. (*takes pillow from L. end of seat, puts it with others R. end—takes up Home Journal and sits comfortably against pillows*)

GLEN. As for the other essentials, which make up what you call a "man of the world," I don't consider I am not a man until I have conquered no end of women, and have their broken hearts for trophies like an Indian with a string of scalps. I love one woman and I want her for my wife, and if she won't have me—well, I'll not give up until I see her tied pretty tight to another man. (*L. end of seat*)

IND. Poor Glen. I am not worthy of such devotion.

GLEN. I know you've got faults enough. But I love you all the better for them.

IND. (*impatiently throws down paper, rises and stamping her foot*) Everybody loves my faults—that's the trouble with me. If I could only find a man who would hate them—and try to cure them. (*sits chair down R. C.*)

GLEN. (*following her*) I couldn't be harsh with you Indy—if you killed me, I'd die blessing you. You nearly did for me once— (*x'ing C.*)

IND. What—

GLEN. (*C.*) You were too young to know better.

IND. (*fiercely*) Glen, what wasn't my fault—What did I do? You shall tell me. (*rises*)

GLEN. Now, don't get in a temper—

IND. (*quickly*) Glen, if you don't tell me—I—I'll box your ears—I vow I will. (*movement as if to do so*) Oh, I didn't mean that, but don't tease me—tell me please.

GLEN. (*C.*) Do you see that— (*pushing back his hair from his right temple*)

IND. (*intensely*) Yes—a deep white scar.

GLEN. You did that— (*INDIANA recoils in horror*) You threw a pair of scissors at me in one of your tantrums.

IND. Oh! no! no! no!

GLEN. You were too young to realize what you had done. They took you away so the sight of the blood shouldn't frighten you.

IND. (*agitatedly*) Oh! Glen! Glen! How could I—and you're always so good. You never even hated me for it. Oh Glen, (*in childish grief, pit-eously*) forgive me, forgive me!— (*takes his head in her hands and kisses the scar impulsively*)

GLEN. (*holding her fiercely*) Indy, is there a chance for me?

IND. No! (*he drops her and recoils*) My poor Glen, I hate to hurt you, but I want to be honest with you and myself.

GLEN. Try me—let us be engaged for a little while and then if you can't love me—

IND. Glen, I do love you, dear, I've loved you all my life.

GLEN. (*slightly L. c.*) I don't mean that way, Indy.

IND. (*perplexed*) I—I'm too young for any other way—yet. (*up R. c.*)

GLEN. (*fiercely*) You're going to marry that Englishman?

IND. He hasn't asked me. Promise me that you will never say anything to him about—the scissors. (*pointing to scar*)

GLEN. (*reproachfully*) Indy—I never thought of it myself—since then—I'm sorry I told you, if—

IND. I'm glad you told me—but it hurt right here. (*points her hand to her heart*)

GLEN. Indy—

IND. Now I'm blue, but I'll get over it. To think—I could hurt you or anybody like that—it's too horrible—too horrible! (*throws herself down on bench as MRS. B. enters c. from R.*)

GLEN. (*boyishly, throws himself on swing*) It's all over. She won't have me.

MRS. B. (*gently over GLEN L. c.*) It would be the very worst thing in the world for both of you.

GLEN. (*bitterly*) I know *you* were always influencing Indiana against me.

MRS. B. You and Indiana have been thrown together. You love her because you know her better than other girls. In a few years you will laugh at your boyish infatuation. (*down L.*)

IND. Grandma, how can you be so unsympathetic. Glen does love me. He'll never love anybody else, will you Glen? (*R. c.*)

GLEN. (*to her*) Never! Indiana, say you'll think it over. I'll do anything you say. I'll go in for politics, or trusts or theatricals or anything you want. I'll be a great man somehow, if you only say you'll try to love me. (*half sobbing*)

IND. I do love you.

GLEN. (*takes her in his arms*) There, we're engaged now.

IND. (*giving in*) Well then, between ourselves. Just for a trial to see if I can stand you always.

GLEN. I agree—any conditions—anything—We'll keep it a secret from everybody—but I *must* tell the Englishman.

IND. Oh, no—you mustn't say a word to him.

GLEN. All right. I'm satisfied with anything. (*puts his arm about her. MRS. B. turns away disgusted*)

IND. (*shrinks away*) There, look at Grandma, she's angry. (*x's L. c. to MRS. B.*) You were engaged to three at one time when you were young. (*turns MRS. B. around*) You couldn't make up your mind till Grandpa Bunker met you one day in a field of wheat, snatched you in his arms, and galloped off to the minister then and there.

MRS. B. Indiana! You will never care as much for Glen as you do this minute.

GLEN. (*who has x'd to seat R. sitting*) Indiana!

IND. (*x's to GLEN*) Oh! I wish I could make up my mind. I hate to see you unhappy, Glen. (*sits L. of him*)

GLEN. (*triumphantly*) There! (*puts his arm around her*).

MRS. B. (*x's up c.*) Oh, very well. We'll announce it to-night. I'll have no secrecy.

IND. (*with a gasp, rising*) Oh no!

MRS. B. Say good-bye to Glen. (*up c.*)

IND. (*slowly*) Good-bye—

GLEN. Ah!

IND. Grandma's right. I don't love you. I never will. I don't love anybody. I shall never marry. I hate myself for making you suffer. (*sits beside GLEN*) (*rises, x's to swing*) Good-bye. (*sits*)

GLEN. (*looks at her reproachfully and with a sob x's toward her*. MRS. B. *steps between them—GLEN turns up c., takes game bag and bird. He meets MRS. STILLWATER up c. and exits with her L. 3 E.*)

IND. There, now you're satisfied. You've broken his heart.

MRS. B. (*c.*) Don't be theatrical Indy. You know it's simply absurd to think of such a boy. I have better views for you.

IND. (*x's to chair down L.*) Grandma, if I thought you were trying to make up something between me and—I'd marry Glen offhand. (*sits*) I know what you mean. A certain Englishman likes my saucy answers—but—as—for anything further—he wouldn't condescend to—little me.

MRS. B. If I could assure you he was in earnest—ah, you do like him!

IND. (*recovering herself, rises*) No! No! He's too cold—too silent—too wrapped up in himself. He would want to be the Master—it wouldn't work. (*ring in front of Mrs. B. to R. c., watches Mrs. B. slyly*)

MRS. B. (*up c. and over to L., indifferently*) Don't worry. They are going away to-morrow.

IND. Going away. And he never said a word. There you are—what did I tell you, going away, laughing in his sleeves at the little Yankee who amused him for a time. (*exhibition of temper*)

MRS. B. Now I won't listen to you. Oh, what a temper. (*over L.*) Indiana, go and dress.

IND. (*with half a sob, sitting on L. end of seat R.*) I won't dress. I hate dress. I am tired of everything. Going away—and never said a word to me. I tell you what it is Grandma, I've been treated like a child long enough. (*LORD C. enters R. 2 E., comes down stairs part way and overhears remainder of speech. Mrs. B. tries to attract INDIANA'S attention to his presence but fails*) Your English friend shall see that I don't care. (*going*) A stupid, heartless, logical human machine—analyzing me as if I were a frog on a stick. I hate him and the sooner he goes the better. There! (*up R. c. LORD C. has entered R. 2 E. and heard all*)

THURS. (*on stairs above INDIANA*) Thank you!

IND. (*with stifled scream*) Oh, the devil! I mean Lord Canning. (*puts her hands over her mouth and rushes off. Exit R. 2 E.*)

LORD C. (*to c.*) Mrs. Bunker. I hope before the evening's over I shall make her retract those statements. (*enter KITTY, turns up lights*)

MRS. B. (*L. of c.*) Lord Canning, you have taken me into your confidence and I shall do all in my power to help your cause with Indiana— Not because of your title—we are not title seekers, as you

have doubtless discovered, but because I feel Indiana's future will be safe in your hands.

LORD C. Thank you Mrs. Bunker. (*shakes hands. Exit MRS. B., after INDIANA*) (THURSTON *throws himself on swing. LORD STAFFORD enter C., comes down C.*)

LORD S. Are you ready to leave to-morrow?

THURS. (*on swing*) No; but don't let me keep you if you have other plans.

LORD S. (*x'ing to fire*) Don't you think we are rather trespassing upon the hospitality of these people?

THURS. (*leaning back comfortably*) No.

LORD S. I have no desire to lecture but—there is a young girl here, very young and unformed. You have the irreverence of the American character to reckon with—which aspires to anything—everything—she may get it into her head that—

THURS. What?

LORD S. You have matrimonial intentions which would have turned a pleasant visit into a very unpleasant embarrassment. Have I said too much?

THURS. Not from your point of view, but you have overlooked the unknown quantity in your argument—which is in this case, the very unexpected—I am going to marry Miss Stillwater.

LORD S. Good God! (*staring at THURSTON in horror*)

THURS. (*quietly watching him*)

LORD S. Your mother.

THURS. I have written to her, telling her I am coming home and will bring her a daughter.

LORD S. You have not consulted her?

THURS. How could I? She knows nothing of the conditions here and I think it will be the best

plan to let her see Indiana—which will be more than half the battle.

LORD S. (*half offended*) You haven't asked my advice.

THURS. No!— I am acting under a very strong impulse. This is the one thing I have intensely desired in my life—and I shall gratify it without reasoning and calculation. Therein lies the charm of the whole affair.

LORD S. When do you sail—with—your wife?

THURS. (*smiling*) My wife—I am not even engaged yet.

LORD S. (*relieved*) Oh! By your assured manner I thought it was all cut and dried. Thurston, my boy, don't do it. I feel a responsibility. I brought you here. I promised your mother to look to you. This is the unparalleled case of unfitness. The little girl is wild, untrained—she calls her mother, Bess—

THURS. Yes, I know.

LORD S. She will disrupt our entire domestic organization. How can she live under the same roof with your mother? Think of it!

THURS. I am not going to think of it, Uncle—and I ask you not to throw any unpleasant pictures upon my mental canvas. I am going to accept whatever comes and I have a deep conviction that it will all end well.

LORD S. (*at fire*) (*contemplatively*) If I had reasoned or—or not reasoned some 15 years ago—There was a girl—a girl beneath me in station—she loved me. I thought it over one night—then I left England. I sometimes think it would have been better to have married the girl. There would have been something at least—this way there is nothing—

THURS. (*x's to him*) That's my case exactly. I'm getting on. This idea has taken my fancy. If

I do not accomplish it I shall go on like you—and there will be nothing in it—until the end of the chapter. (*x's c.*)

LORD C. I shall not sail with you and your wife. I shall plunge a little deeper into the primeval forests of America and shall consider myself an exile from my native land until I am assured that the domestic rumblings have subsided. (*starts off c.*)

THURS. (*laughs*) Domestic rumblings.

LORD S. (*goes to door L., stops*) There is another alarming possibility. This matrimonial connection will leave me at the mercies of Grandma Chazy— (*exit c. to R.*)

THURS. (*laughs and x's to front of seat, enter Mrs. STILLWATER, C. from L.*)

MRS. S. (*c.*) I'm so sorry—so very sorry for Glen.

THURS. Our young Romeo seemed depressed to-day. Luck's against him I'm afraid.

MRS. S. (*sighs*) Glen has always been like a son to me and I hoped it would be some day. (*sighs*)

THURS. He's a fine fellow, but pardon me, he's not the right husband for your daughter.

MRS. S. He understands her better than a stranger, he'd get along with her I'm sure. (*x's to seat R.*)

THURS. Is it so difficult to get along with her?

MRS. (*quickly*) Oh, I didn't mean that—there's nobody more lovable and easy if she's studied— (*turns to him*)

THURS. (*quietly*) What do you think of me as a husband for your daughter?

MRS. S. (*with a gasp—sits*) Lord Canning, you are not in earnest?

THURS. Why not? I should like to take my

place in the matrimonial competition if you've no objection. (*sits beside her*)

MRS. S. What objection can I have to a man like you? But I'm not the one to be consulted. Whatever Indy decides I must be satisfied with. Oh dear! dear!

THURS. (*rises, x's to c.*) Mrs. Stillwater, the idea is evidently very disagreeable to you?

MRS. S. Oh no! Not at all, but Indy's so young and you live so far away—and she's so unfit to be alone—but don't consider me—I have nothing whatever to say. (*enter MR. STILLWATER R. 1 E., she goes to him quietly and quickly*) Father! Father! (*in a half whisper*) Lord Canning wants to marry Indy— (*MR. STILLWATER is in evening dress*)

MR. S. (*composedly*) Does he? Too bad—too bad—

MRS. S. (*x's to steps*) (*about to exit*)

THURS. (*x's to her*) Why not stay and help me out?

MRS. S. (*agitatedly*) Oh, I really must go—Indy's waiting for me. I never let anyone do anything for her—I always do everything myself—she get's cross if I don't—and I love to do it.

THURS. (*quietly*) You do not approve of me, Mrs. Stillwater. (*MR. S. sits on seat R.*)

MRS. S. (*tremulously*) I do—I like you very much—you're such a nice, modest man for your position—will you—will you wait awhile and think it over before you ask Indy?

THURS. (*in clear decided tones*) I have thought it over well. I know this is rather unusual but for the life of me I couldn't ask a young woman to marry me until I was quite sure I would be acceptable to her parents.

MRS. S. (*quickly*) You are—but it will be a

great trial to lose her—that's what I was thinking of—only that. (*exits R. 2 E.*)

MR. S. (*on seat*) Mother is naturally upset when she thinks of our little girl getting married. Marrying young runs in our family—my wife was sixteen and Grandma Chazy only fifteen when she married—there's always somebody wanting to marry Indiana—but she's never been serious about any-one.

THURS. (*up R. C. smiling*) If I could make her serious about me, would you object?

MR. S. (*dryly*) Why should I? I don't have to live with you.

THURS. (*taking him very seriously*) There's no possible necessity for that.

MR. S. (*chuckles, THURSTON very grave*) I know I ought to feel very much honored, Lord Canning, but I haven't got to that stage of Imperialism—although my mother-in-law is—a fiend that way—American women generally are. They're natural Imperialists. They head a despotic monarchy at home—ha! ha! ha!

THURS. Mr. Stillwater, I hope you do not consider my title against me. (*x'ing to c.*)

MR. S. (*rising*) Oh, not at all—not at all! It might help you with Indiana. It would be a new fad for her—you know we all have our fads— Personally I like you.

THURS. Thank you!

MR. S. You're welcome! I like you very much—but— (*during this MR. STILLWATER shows a little embarrassment, as if he wanted to convey something to THURSTON,—x's to him and puts his hand kindly on THURSTON's shoulder*) I want to give you a quiet piece of advice and if you don't take it—I want you to consider it was never said—will you?

THURS. I will sir—

MR. S. Don't marry my daughter—

THURS. (*looking squarely at him*) Why?

MR. S. It'll never pan out—your ways are not her ways, her thoughts and yours are as far apart as if she spoke Chinese and you Pennsylvania Dutch.

THURS. (C.) Mr. Stillwater, I am not easily frightened, the more difficulties I encounter the more determined I am to win.

MR. S. (R. C.) (*quickly*) Now don't misunderstand me—my daughter's no worse than any other man's daughter—our women are all alike, but we know how to get along with them. (*chuckling*) I contrived to live with my wife, my mother-in-law and my daughter. All different dispositions, without quarreling.

THURS. Yes, I have observed and admired the equilibrium of your household. It may be very valuable to me to know how you manage it. Will you let me into the secret, Mr. Stillwater?

MR. S. He! He! He! easy enough—I give in—

THURS. You give in—

MR. S. Every time.

THURS. I don't believe that I understand you?

MR. S. I never stand out against *them*, so they can't quarrel with *me*, and when they quarrel between themselves, I agree with each one separately.

THURS. (*x'ing to swing quietly*) I'm afraid I could not adopt that method— (*sits*)

MR. S. (*quickly*) There, I told you it wouldn't do. The fact is, Lord Canning, we spoil our children, we know it, but we can't help it—the boys are early enough thrown on the world. (*x's to c.*) But the girls, the pretty little delicate girls—how can you help spoiling them. You should have seen Indy—a doll—you could have put her in a quart

pitcher—she'd roll up her little sleeves and fight me with her pink fists—we'd roar at her. As she grew up, it grew with her, and now when she gets in a temper we all scatter till it's over, and then she creeps underneath your coat like a little white mouse, and loves you so with her pretty hands and her soft face—what can a man do? (*to R. C.*)

THURS. (*reflectively*) You began early to make a rough road for your daughter's future husband, didn't you?

MR. S. Oh, no—every man I know is under his wife's thumb and is proud of it.

(*Enter INDIANA R. 2 E. soft white muslin dress—the picture of girlish loveliness and sweetness*)

IND. (*down C.*) Lord Canning, why so serious?

THURS. (*laughs embarrassed*) Oh Miss Stillwater, pardon me—

IND. Suppose you let me into this secret discussion, if it's not snow and ice and the North Pole, I know more about it than you, Lord Canning, and if it's not railroads I know more about it than you, Pa— (*x's to MR. S., he kisses her*)

MR. S. (*dryly*) I guess I'll let you fight it out with Indiana. (*x's to door R. 1 E.*)

IND. Why pop— (*STILLWATER exits R. 1 E.*)

THURS. (*bashfully*) We were discussing many things—the training of children—marriage, etc.—

IND. (*R. C.*) (*with a laugh*) Marriage with Pa—he's absolutely ignorant on the subject.

THURS. Remarkable, considering he's nineteen years—married.

IND. (*contemptuously*) Oh, that was only a boy and girl affair in Indiana. In those days it was a young man—a farm—a wife to do the housework—and they always lived happily— (*x's to fire*)

THURS. I wish it were as simple a matter with you as with your mother.

IND. I'm different from mother, if I were not—you would not—

THURS. What? (*x's to her*)

IND. (*slyly*) Oh—nothing. Didn't you want to say something?

THURS. I did—I do—but my courage has left me, I feel as when I once stood before an impenetrable territory of snow and ice leading I knew not whither.

IND. I hope you're not as cold?

THURS. Outwardly perhaps, inwardly burning—I want to—to—er—to— (*as if changing the subject*) You know the customs in England—are very different from here.

IND. (*watching him slyly*) Are they?

THURS. We conceal more than you— (*significantly*) We—don't wear our hearts on our sleeves.

IND. We do—

THURS. Yes, I was looking for yours— (*INDIANA turns away— He comes closer to her*) Shall I be the next one?

IND. What next one? (*IND. turns away*)

THURS. Men to you are like large correspondence, which is read carelessly, "answered" scribbled on the envelopes, and piled away into pigeon holes—forgotten—

IND. (*sweetly*) I always throw old letters away, I never accumulate rubbish. (*to chair L.*)

THURS. (*seriously*) (*following her*) Indiana—I am a very serious man; I accept life as worth living only with serious aims. I have traveled all over the world in the cause of science, especially in the unpeopled vasts. It does seem inconsistent, does it not, that a little undeveloped creature like you should attract me so strongly?

IND. Oh no! It's not at all strange—everybody likes me!

THURS. (*smiles—then, seriously*) Your little hands have bowled over all my long cherished traditions. You have taken possession of me in a manner which terrifies me. I am miserable away from you; you flit before me like a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp—my pen is idle, my mail lies upon my table unanswered. Tell me—have I a chance with you? or—let me put the ocean between us for self preservation.

IND. (*x'ing to swing*) I do not wish you to think that I trifle with marriage, because I have refused several offers, it is not waywardness nor frivolity, but because I realize my shortcomings. (*sits with a half saucy, half serious laugh*)

THURS. (*to L. of swing*) Indiana!

IND. (*seriously*) You admit in your feelings for me reason has no place, and in your calmer moments, your ideal of a wife is something entirely different from myself.

THURS. Yes—reason has no place—it is love—love alone—

IND. It's hard to be truthful about one's defects—but I am very much spoiled—

THURS. You have all the imperfections which make you charming to a lover—you have all the virtues which make you divine to your husband.

IND. (*keeping him off*) I must have my own way, even when I know I'm wrong—I'm fond of change—nothing pleases me long. I'm quick tempered, spiteful, revengeful, and I'm always sorry for it afterwards, always—

THURS. I have watched you closely, I have seen glimpses of splendid feeling and heart in you, other conditions will develop—the good that is in you—

IND. Somehow my worst qualities always come to the surface—my people are afraid of me—

THURS. (*taking her hand*) My mother will help you, dear— She is a type of perfect English womanhood. She has lived a retired life for many years. Our house may be quiet for you at first—

IND. Oh, don't worry about that, I'll make it lively enough.

THURS. (*attempts to embrace her*) Darling!

IND. (*rising to c.*) Wait—I have not said yes—yet.

THURS. (*follows her*) What more?

IND. Promise me this, when I want to do inconsistent things and have my own way—when it's not good for me—promise me—no matter how much you love me that you *won't* give in.

THURS. I'm afraid I shall let you do anything you want—

IND. (*turning away*) Then I won't marry you.

THURS. Yes you will. (*takes her hand, turning her back to him, hands on her arms*)

IND. You are the first man I have ever taken seriously. There's something about you—different from us—

THURS. Ha! Ha! Ha!— What does it matter, the difference? Do you love me?

IND. No. (THURSTON *drops her hands, x's to L.* c. IND. *goes to R. end of swing*) I'm tired of the model farm— I'm tired of Grandma Chazy—I'm tired of Washington and New York and I want to go to England— (THURSTON *turns disappointedly and gradually turns back during the following*) I— I feel sometimes that marriage to me—must mean the changing of every condition—or—I won't make a success of my life—and I want to be something more than what I am—something better. (*quickly*) And—I wouldn't marry you if I did not think I could love you—some day. (*down c.*)

## WARN CURTAIN

THURS. (*quickly taking her hand*) I believe in the love which comes after marriage—given a fairly matched pair, the man the stronger, and there's no danger.

IND. And you'll promise?

THURS. I promise no matter how much I suffer, I won't give in—

IND. Good. (THURSTON *embraces and kisses her—she pulls away saying*) Oh Dear! (*she arranges her dress, then goes to steps R. 2 E., turns and speaks*) Now let's go and tell the folks. Shall we? (THURSTON *rushes to her, kisses her hand and both start to exit up steps R.*)

## CURTAIN

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PROPERTY PLOT.—*Acts II, III, IV. Same scene for all acts. An old English Interior—Library in LORD CANNING'S London House—dating from the early 17th Century. High wainscot (7 feet), paneled in old oak, above which hang old Gobelin tapestries. Doors are set deeply into wainscot. They are heavy, massive affairs with handsome knobs and finger plates. On the right side is a door down stage R. 1 E., a large mantelpiece R. 2 E. and a door R. 3 E.*

*On the left are two large doors (double doors) which swing off stage. Above doors on either side is a heavy column (oak) supporting a large beam which runs diagonally across ceiling and together with columns, form a large arch.*

*On either side and back of this arch across corners are two large bookcases set into wainscot with gauzed doors in front of property case and books. At back and parallel to large arch a smaller arch, with heavy carved casing and lintel—and with about 2 feet of wainscot on either side. Through this arch is seen a large recessed window, with seat and glass door windows above it. These glass doors opening on stage. The seat is raised upon a platform which projects in front of arch about 2 feet. The mantel R. 2 E. is about 12 feet high—with shelf supported by heavy columns, 5 ft. 6 in. high and above this an old portrait set into upper mantel. The entire scene should be rich and massive, giving the impression that it is very old, in magnificent condition and that there is great wealth in the family who own it. In coloring it is a rich brown oak with trimmings of Gobelin tapestries. Carpet over entire room, covering step at back. Rich dark red curtains at arch same color as carpet. Furniture of old oak covered with Flemish tapestry. Backs of furniture and seats upholstered—only arms and legs showing in wood, and those splendidly carved. Large library table in center of room, should be very handsomely carved and massive. Furniture arranged as per diagram—consists of: Large table C.; arm chair R. of table; small chair L. of table; large sofa down R. C. (seat 3) small sofa up R. C. (seat 2); arm chair up R. or arch C.; small chair up L. of arch C.; small chair above door L. 1 E.*

*On table C.—Writing pad, inkstand and penholder. Paper rack with writing materials. Book rack with books, 1 large open book. 1 large lamp (red) practical.*

*On sofa L.—Large red pillows.*

*On mantel.—2 6-light candle sconces; 2 large bronzes; large clock (set at 11 o'clock); 2 small bronzes; small ornaments; seat in window, upholstered in red. On seat in window 3 pillows.*

*Fur rugs in front of fireplace and door L. 1 E. Rugs in front of doors R. 1 E. and door R. 3 E.*

*6 light candle sconces with mirrors either side of arch C. and above door L. 1 E.*

*2 pedestals with large candelabra at sides of arch C. (no candles).*

*SIDE PROPS.—Off L., 2 valises, 1 hat box, 1 golf bag and sticks, 1 traveling rug—FLASH. Cane —LADY CANNING. 2 prayer books, pillow, shawl—FOOTMAN. Large silver tray, large silver teapot, silver creamer and cream, silver sugar bowl and sugar, silver sugar tongs, 6 silver spoons, 6 teacups, tea in teapot, large hot water urn —FOOTMAN. Tray 3 cards —JENNINGS. Prayer book—INDIANA.*

*Tray and basket of cakes, candle lighter, candle extinguisher, candle stick, lighted candle, Act III —JENNINGS. Cigarette case, matches, Act III—GLEN.*

*Silver tray, teapot, creamer and cream, sugar bowl and sugar (china), Act IV—FOOTMAN.*

*Cab bell, cab door effect, knocker, prompter, Act III.*

*This is off stage off R., for convenience of actor not seen by audience.—2 cigars, LORD S., Acts II and IV; chime for clock, prompter Act III; rug, table, chair. Dressing room R. 1 E., for INDIANA, Acts II and IV.*

## ACT II

*(Scene same for Acts II, III and IV.)*

**LIGHT PLOT.**—At rise, house half up. White foots—1st border—sidelights—up full. Lamp on table C. ready. Candles in sconces—not lighted. Fire in grate, R. 2 E. Bunches (white) R. 1 and 2 E. Bunches (white) L. 1 E. Amber calcium on drop from L.

*Cue*—At exit of STILLWATERS, amber calcium change to rose—white border down slowly.

*Cue*—At exit of LORD CANNING, "I shall not give in," rose calcium out. White foots and sidelights down slowly to be  $\frac{3}{4}$  down at entrance of GLEN—*cue*.

*Cue*—As JENNINGS lights 3 candles at door L. 1 E. Foots and sides go up slightly.

*Cue*—As JENNINGS lights lamp C. Foots and sides go up  $\frac{3}{4}$  at a jump.

*Cue*—As JENNINGS lights 6 candles on mantel. Foots and sides up gradually.

*Cue*—As JENNINGS returns and lights remainder of candles in sconces R. and L. of arch. 1st border goes up full R. and L. of C. arch.

*Cue*—Blue calcium—comes on.

## ACT II

**SCENE.**—LADY CANNINGS house in an aristocratic quarter of London. Scene, a library leading into THURSTON'S apartments. A very old room furnished in old oak, old silver, old tapestries, etc. Family portraits (old).

JENNINGS, *an old servant, a typical Scotchman, about very noiselessly; replenishes fire.* FLASH *in long traveling ulster and carrying rug strap, hat box and golf sticks enters* L. 1 E.

FLASH. (*drops traps down* L., *looks around*) Home at last. (*sees JENNINGS*) How are you, Jennings? (*JENNINGS* L. C. *looks up*) Don't you know me?

JEN. Yes. I know you. (*at fire* R.)

FLASH. (C.) Well, you might shake a man by the hand and say, "Welcome home," after braving the terrors of the deep. How do I look?

JEN. Cheekier than ever.

FLASH. (L. C.) I have acquired that erectness of bearing which distinguishes the Sons of the Republic—independent air—yer know! Where do *we* lodge?

JEN. His lordship's apartments have been prepared in the new wing.

FLASH. (*to* C.) Oh, the annex. We're relegated to the annex. Charming young person, the American wife. I know her very well—very well indeed.

JEN. Hold your tongue. If his Lordship should hear that, your name would be "bounce."

FLASH. (C.) (*airily*) Not at all—not at all. His Lordship has been quite revolutionized. America is different from this land of Caste and Class. His Lordship always defers to my advice while I am deferently observant of his. A glorious land, America, Jennings—the land of equality where every master is as much a gentleman as his servant. (*sits on table* C.) I shall to-night speak at the club on the subject. I shall open the eyes of other valets who are tying the shoestrings of many a cad who should be tying theirs. We'll combine—we'll make a trust—we'll Americanize the entire service. Want to join us?

JEN. No!

FLASH. Too much servility in the British service. Too much bowing and scraping. H'every man is equal. Hit's only a question of intellect—and as far as that goes, to use the expressive Americanism, I can give my master cards, spades and little casino.

LORD STAFFORD. (*outside*) Flash, you rascal, where are you?

FLASH. (*jumps off table, goes above to door L. 1 E. bus. Entire manner changing to the abject servility*) Here, sir—I was just asking Jennings where we shall put our traps, my Lord. It appears our old apartments have been taken by Lord Thurston.

(*Enter LORD STAFFORD in traveling costume L. 1 E., gives hat to FLASH as he passes behind sofa to C.*)

LORD S. (*kindly*) Ah, Jennings!

JEN. (*meets LORD S., C.*) Glad to see you back, my lord. (*shakes hands with LORD S.*)

LORD S. (*C., helped off with his coat by FLASH*) And glad to be home, Jennings. Two years is a long time to be away from England for an orthodox British subject—like myself—Ah! (*JEN. takes coat and hat and goes over L. LORD S. stands with his back to the fire*) It's good to toast one's self before an English fire. Flash tells me Thurston's appropriated my old quarters.

JEN. (*by table*) Yes, my lord, we've fitted up the old rooms very beautifully for her little ladyship.

LORD S. And how do you like the new mistress?

JEN. Her little ladyship's an angel, your lordship.

LORD S. Her little ladyship?

JEN. We call her that, sir, to distinguish her

from my lady. (LORD STAFFORD *laughs*—JENNINGS *goes back of table*)

FLASH. (*over L. picks up traps*) (*meekly*) Where shall I put your traps, my lord?

LORD S. Go to the devil.

FLASH. Yes, my lord—but—

LORD S. If you don't get out, I'll kick you out. If I had to think for myself, I wouldn't be bothered with you. Our American tour has spoiled you—you are always asking questions.

FLASH. Shall I—put the things—

LORD S. Now put the traps wherever you damn please and take that ugly mug out of my sight for a little while. I am tired of having you continually at my heels.

FLASH. Yes, my lord. Directly (*takes up traps and goes humbly toward door R. 3 E.*)

LORD S. Flash!

FLASH. (*up c.*) Yes, my lord.

LORD S. You may take that waistcoat of mine—the green one—

FLASH. Thank you sir, thank you very much, sir—er—I beg your pardon,—but may I ask where?

LORD S. Oh, go to— (*hand over mouth*—FLASH *jumps out, exit R. 3 E.*)

JEN. (*coming down L. of table c.*) Young whipper-snapper.

JEN. (*as LORD S. comes toward him c.*) My lady and her little ladyship have gone to church. Lord Thurston is coming in now, my lord. (*enter THURS. brightly, with delighted expectancy of manner*)

THURS. Uncle Gerald!

LORD S. (*c.*) Thurston, my boy! (*shaking hands, takes him in curiously*) Well—well—well—

THURS. Well, examination satisfactory?

LORD S. (*puzzled*) You're changed for the better—more vivacity—in fact you've grown younger.

THURS. I *was* an old bachelor—I *am* a young married man.

(THURS. and LORD S. *laugh heartily.*)

LORD S. So the international combination has panned out, as we say in the States?

THURS. Worked like a charm from the start.

LORD S. Remarkable—and with your mother?

THURS. (*laughing*) Mother has completely succumbed to Indiana and spoils her shockingly.

LORD S. I am very glad of that, I'm sure— How do you account for Indiana's good behavior?

THURS. I say, don't I get any credit?

LORD S. You, not a jot. (*enter JENNINGS who points to window conveying the idea that a carriage has arrived*)

THURS. Here they are—here's my wife. I'll tell mother you're here. (*exits L. 1 E.*)

LORD S. (*stroking his beard contemplatively*) Jennings, we're getting old.

JEN. (*shaking his head*) Yes, your lordship. (*goes up above door L. 1 E. Enter LADY CANNING and footman in livery with pillow shawl and prayer-books, which JENNINGS takes from him. LADY CANNING is a type of aristocratic woman of the old school, rather old fashioned but very richly dressed. LADY C. carries a cane. Footman goes above door L. 1 E.*)

LORD S. (*goes to LADY C., L. C.*) My dear sister. (*kisses her, unhooks wrap and removing it, gives to JENNINGS, who comes down R. of sofa*)

LADY C. Gerald, I'm very glad to have you at home, you wanderer. You look marvelously well and tanned by the sun. Have you seen my little daughter? Where are you, Indiana? (*sits on sofa*)

(INDIANA speaks outside, then enters. A changed person from Act I. She is the personification of English maidenhood, in plain English gown. She wears a bonnet with strings and carries a prayer book, uses a decided English accent)  
JENNINGS folds shawl and puts on chair up L.)

IND. (*demurely, in low tones, with a strong effort at English accent. Enters L. 1 E., goes to C.*) Here, Lady Canning. How do you do Uncle Gerald? (LORD S. kisses her proffered cheek, taking her in with great curiosity as she stands with clasped hands, very demure and quiet)

LADY C. And how do you find our sweet child looking uncle Gerald?

LORD S. By George, I should say I find her very much changed.

IND. (*C. sweetly*) For the better, dear Uncle Gerald?

LADY C. When we transplant a flower, we must watch it very carefully for a time lest it wither in the process. Indiana is a most flexible little person. She appears to have taken root in our soil so easily—she had not been here a week when she was perfectly at home.

IND. Thanks to your good advice, my dear Lady Canning. You have taken so much trouble with me. (*to sofa*)

LADY C. To be frank, Gerald, Indiana was a most agreeable surprise. When Thurston wrote me that he had selected a wife in the wilds of America, I fell ill with fright. I couldn't find out anything about the place, and the name suggested horrible visions of half-breeds and wild girls who climb trees and ride a horse bare back. Those banjo playing and whistling Americans are my special abomination.

IND. America is a very large country, dear Lady Canning. There are tree climbers and bare-back riders in the uncivilized parts, I believe. (THURSTON *turns away to conceal a laugh*) In fact, I myself must have appeared—er—strange to you at first, did I not, dear Lady Canning?

LADY C. Oh, no—only a little rasping quality of the voice which has since greatly modified.

IND. That is our climate, Lady Canning. The sharp winds have a tendency to pitch our voices in a high key. (*imitates yankee nasal tone on high key*)

LADY C. And your gowns, dear, were a little too modern—too expensive for a young wife. You don't mind my saying it, Indiana.

IND. I am so grateful to you. Dear Lady Canning has given me the real English taste in the selection of a gown. (*aside to LORD S. C.*) Dowdy isn't it? I adore Irish poplins, English cheviots, Scotch plaids, and seed cake. And my first bonnet—isn't (*aside*) so unbecoming.

LADY C. Well, dear, as soon as a girl is married, she wears a bonnet with strings; that is always the sign of a matron in England. You know there must be something to distinguish the married from the single woman.

IND. Yes, certainly, I approve of it. Then there can be no danger of mistakes being made by strangers.

LORD S. (*laughing*) Ha! Ha! As they say in the States, you have hitched on, Indiana—you've mashed 'em cold all around.

LADY C. (*severely*) Mashed 'em cold! My dear brother, what do you mean by such expressions? They appear to be very vulgar. Is it really American, Indiana?

IND. Not at all, dear Lady Canning. In the un-

cultured wastes only the natives make use of such barbarisms.

LADY C. My darling, go and lay off your bonnet and smooth your hair. (*kisses her, goes to the door, makes a curtsey and exits in room. THURSTON roaring with laughter after her*)

LORD S. Remarkable!

LADY C. (*with a sigh of content*) The child has perfect manners; one would think she had been born and bred in England. I don't allow her to call me mother—it's a better moral effect and with a little tender firmness combined with the dignity that awes, I have accomplished wonders. I shudder to think what would have been the results if I had not been here. Thurston spoils her shockingly.

LORD S. Ah, does he? Very unwise, I'm sure.

LADY C. Yes. But it's turned out very, very well. You know how adverse I have always been to Thurston marrying a modern woman—those editing magazines and forming clubs and racing women—Ah! (*with a shudder*) England is not what it was in my time.

LORD S. When Thurston first broke it to me, I was very doubtful of the results—very—but his heart carried him away.

LADY C. I don't wonder at it. She's so bright, so amusing, so clever, so lovable, she must have come from very fine stock.

LORD S. (*seriously*) Very! You should see Grandma Chazy Bunker. "She beats the band," as we say in the States.

LADY C. (*severely*) "Beats the Band!" Your expressions make me shudder.

LORD S. "I guess I *took* it on thick before I left New York."

LADY C. You might have brought something more creditable all that way.

LORD S. I have. Helena, I'm going to let you into a little secret. Indiana's people came over with me from America.

LADY C. Who—

LORD S. The whole bunch. Her mother, father, and grandmother, and as they say in the States, "They're going to make Indiana's hair stand up."

LADY C. Speak English, if you please.

LORD S. They're going to give her a surprise party. You bet your sweet life—

LADY C. Do you mean that they're going to drop down on that poor child without sending her word? What an undignified thing to do. Her grandmother, too. Why, the highest respect is due to their age in the way of preparation.

LORD S. In America there's nothing that gives so much pleasure as "springing" things on a person. The surprise party is no fad in America—it's a national institution.

LADY C. (*on her feet agitated*) But my dear uncle, think of the shock to Indiana, that young married thing. It might be serious.

LORD S. She won't turn a hair, as we say in the States—she's a thoroughbred. Hi! Hi! Hi!

LADY C. My dear, I'm very glad you told me. (*rises*) I must go and make some kind of toilette to receive them, and the housekeeper must be apprised.

LORD S. (*guyingly*) (*x'ing with LADY C. towards door R. 3 E.*) My dear sister, don't put yourself out, as we say in the States. Surprise parties are in circulation, and are accepted as "legal tender" by the people. They won't disturb anybody and possibly they'll bring their own food. (LADY C. *exit R. 2*)

LADY C. Then for heaven's sake, don't bring that

kind of currency over here, because I want no surprises. But I'll go—I'll go. Poor Indiana—most unheard of proceeding. (*exit R. 3 E.*)

(*LORD S. comes down R. C. in a fit of silent laughter.*)

IND. (*puts her head in at door R. 1 E., enters—exits to L. C., and when she sees LADY C. has gone, gives a little shrill loud cry—she smiles at him—to THURSTON who enters R. 1 E.*) I can be natural with him, can't I? (*to THURSTON C.*)

THURS. Why not be natural with my mother? It pains me to see how you are playing a part with her—

IND. (*comically to LORD S. x'ing R. C. LORD S. on sofa up R. C.*) The ingratitude of men. He asked me to make his mother love me and to succeed it was necessary to adapt myself to her ways. If I had argued with her, it would have been impossible to live under the same roof, so I agreed with her in everything, consequently I am the best, most lovable girl in the world. All the same I own her body and soul—that's my method of subjugation. Of course he's not satisfied. Nothing I do pleases him.

THURS. Indiana!

IND. (*half mockingly*) Uncle Gerald, I'm frightfully good. (*down R. C.*) I've never been so good in my life. I feel like an angel, so sweet, so obedient, so ordinary. Thurston *doesn't* appreciate it—He *doesn't* love me as much as he did before we were married. (*up to LORD S.*)

THURS. (*seriously*) Indiana, how can you say that?

IND. I thought he was a gentleman of leisure, and he works harder than a farm hand. He sits up half the night reading and studying. If I had known he was such a great scholar, I wouldn't have married him. (*punching LORD S. on shoulder*)

THURS. Indiana, do you mean that?

IND. (*x'ing back of table c. to LORD S.*) No, serious face. I'm only joking. Uncle Gerald, do you think he'll ever be a great man? (*back toward LORD S.*)

LORD S. I hope so.

IND. Oh! as great as Thomas Carlyle? Don't say yes, because I'll run away. You know what Jane Carlyle said about the wives of men of genius—they're more miserable even—than—than doctors' wives. Thurston has symptoms. Like Carlyle—between histories, the old crank used to go in the back yard and sit on the fence in his night shirt. That's the next thing I'll get. (*leaning on front edge of table c.*)

THURS. and LORD S. (*burst out laughing. LORD CANNING L. of table—kisses her—LORD S. R. of INDIANA C.*)

IND. (*in high spirits x'ing to sofa R.*) Now I'll give you an imitation of a squirrel. (*bus. ad lib of squirrel sitting on his haunches and nibbling at a nut. On sofa L.*) Do you remember the night we went on a moonlight picnic all together, and Glen was so jealous—poor Glen, and we sang round the Wabash— (*chorus of the Wabash*)

The moon shines fair to-night on the Wabash.

Through the fields there comes a scent of new-mown hay, etc.

(*crosses to THURSTON then up c. back of table down R. C. and breaks down sobbing, sinks on the floor in front of table like a child; head on THURSTON'S knee*)

THURS. (*with a quick step to her, gathers her up in his arms*) My darling, don't cry—you break

my heart. I know you're homesick, unhappy, I feel it— (*exit* LORD S. R. 3 E.)

IND. Nothing of the kind. There, I frightened Uncle Gerald away. I'm not homesick. I mean not all the time. (*with a gulp*) That song upset me and I had a terrible longing just to get a look at Dad and Mother and Grandma Chazy, and then pack them all home again. I wish you wouldn't take me so seriously. Thurston, don't watch every quiver of my eyes and think it's a tragedy. Discipline is a very good thing for me—I like it. But I wish you wouldn't believe every word I say; it's aggravating enough when your mother does it.

THURS. (*arms about* IND.) I'll try not to, dear, but I want to follow your thoughts—I want to be one with my wife. It's difficult to—to adjust my slow emotions to your rapidly changing ones. You force my sympathy and repel it, in a breath. Your moods change with the minutes, but it all wouldn't matter, if I were sure you were learning to love me—to give only a little in return for my deep affection—that would set my heart at rest and smooth away all difficulties. (INDIANA *suddenly very serious and silent*) Indiana.

IND. I—I was thinking perhaps it was wrong to marry you, but I didn't love anybody else, and I will try—

THURS. Indiana, if you knew how your words stab me!

IND. Now you're sorry you married me.

THURS. Sorry! I'd give up my life sooner than you. I try to control my love but I can't keep it always smothered, but I shall keep my word when I said I will make you love me. (*takes her in his arms passionately*) Indiana!

IND. (*for a moment yielding to his embrace*)

Thurston— (JENNINGS enters L. 1 E. with a grin—  
hands cards to THURS.)

THURS. (reading with a rising inflection until  
he ends with a shout) Mr. and Mrs. Stillwater—  
Mrs. Chazy Bunker—Indiana, U. S. A.

IND. (with a scream of joy staggers up) Ah!

(LORD C. rises, x's toward door, behind sofa; MR.  
S. enters 1st, goes down L. C., MRS. B. 2d, goes  
up L. C., embraces LORD C., MRS. S. goes down L.  
INDIANA flings herself into MR. S.'s arms, who  
enters on JENNINGS' heels—also MRS. S. and  
MRS. B. MRS. B. throws herself into THURS-  
TON'S arms, behind sofa L. JENNINGS makes  
comic rush to get out L. 1 E. and exits.)

MRS. S. (almost dancing in excitement) That'll  
do, father. Let me have one kiss—oh! That'll do  
father! (MR. S. hands INDIANA over to her mother  
and shakes hands with THURS.—all greatly excited)

MRS. S. (L. C. folding IND. in her arms) In-  
diana, my darling, my pet, my baby, my Indy!

MRS. B. (comes down c between sofa and chair  
R. of table) (sparkling with happiness) Time! Pass  
her around! (hugs and kisses IND.)

IND. (beside herself with joy) You dear old  
things—you puddings. (arm around each swing  
MRS. B. around. MRS. S. R. of her down on sofa L.)  
This is what I call a surprise. Now sit right down, all  
of you. (motions for MR. S. to come over to sofa, be-  
tween MRS. B. and MRS. S., steps back and looks at  
them) Oh! Oh! I'm glad to see you—(goes over and  
sits on MR. S.'s lap, kisses MRS. B., then MR. S., then  
MRS. S., talking all the time) (THURS. exits quietly  
standing for a moment at the door watching INDI-  
ANA'S radiant face with joy) Tell me all the news.

How's everybody at home? Anybody engaged to be married? And any more society women come up to live in Stillwater to get a divorce—what put it into your heads to come—how long are you going to stay, and—and—

MRS. B. Good gracious! One at a time, Indy.

*(All sit with their arms about INDIANA, gazing at her speechless with happiness, MR. STILLWATER has her head pressed against his waistcoat and is smoothing her hair. MRS. B. is the only one who is perfectly composed and self-possessed. The two women are very fashionably dressed. Also MR. STILLWATER.)*

MRS. S. After you left and all the excitement was over I couldn't settle down again. My body was there, but my heart and soul were following you over the water. I—don't know why we ever let you go, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to come.

IND. *(tenderly with a soft caressing voice slipping onto her knees in front of MRS. S.)* My dear mother! My dear loving, kind mother.

MR. S. *(severely)* Elizabeth. It's done now and we must make the best of it.

JENNINGS. Would you like tea served? *(all turn and look at JENNINGS)*

IND. If you please Jennings—

JEN. Would your little ladyship—

ALL TOGETHER. *(repeating smilingly)* Your little ladyship!

JEN. Like it served here— MR. S. *smiles, nudges MRS. S., then turns back to look at JENNINGS)*

IND. Yes, if you please, Jennings. *(exit JENNINGS L. 1 E. At exit of JENNINGS MRS. B. x's L. 1 E., looks after him and then up c. MR. S. moves over to L. end of sofa)* Jennings has been a butler in our family all his life (c.)

MR. S. (*L. end of sofa*) H'm! Lack of ambition. That's the trouble with this country. I could see it before I was two hours landed. The Britishers are all too well satisfied with themselves—life's too easy—they haven't had to grow up with a new town. They ought to have been in my shoes 40 years ago.

(MRS. B. *during this is walking about, taking in the room with her nose in the air, and a contemptuous toss of her head*)

IND. (*with an important air, sits between MR. and MRS. S. on sofa. MRS. B. comes down c.*) Father! Mother! Grandmother. I've married into a great family. None of your new nobility. We are one of the few families left in England which has never married out of its sphere—except in my case—and I shall assimilate, not diverge. None of your new ideas here. All innovations are shunned as modern depravity by Helena, Lady Canning, my respected mother-in-law. Look about you. (*rises, goes c. All turn where they are, look up stage, back to audience, MR. S. and MRS. S. having risen*) The air you breathe has been respired by centuries of ancestors.

MRS. B. (*shivering—and turning to audience*) Oh! Ghosts!

MRS. S. (*confidentially to MR. S.*) It's like a musty old cellar—

IND. We have lived exactly the same for the last 400 years.

MR. S. I'll say 4,000 when I get back—nobody to contradict me—

IND. (*with a toss of her head calling MR. S. to her c.*) There's nothing better than we—nothing from an ancestral point of view. You can tell them that, papa dear. (*English*)

MRS. B. (*sharply*) Indiana, drop that English accent—it's too affected.

IND. Hush! (*enter THURS. with his mother on his arm R. 3 E. IND. goes up quietly and in soft low English tones, direct contrast to before, speaks. MR. S. goes up L. C. MRS. S. remains C. MRS. B. up L. C. and over L. behind sofa*) My dear Lady Canning, I have had such a delightful surprise. I want you to know my mother (*introducing MRS. S. C.*) and my father (*MR. STILLWATER C.*) (*LADY CANNING bowing and goes up L. C. Enter LORD STAFFORD, who goes to group up C. LORD T. and MR. S.*)

LADY C. (*R. C. in a charming, low, well bred tone, put out her hand*) My dear Mrs. Stillwater—I am really delighted—(*as MRS. S. takes her hands*)

IND. (*x'ing over to L., takes MRS. B.'s hand and swings her around C.*) And this is my grandmother.

LADY C. (*astonished*) Your grandmother? (*enter JENNINGS, tray and cakes in basket, opens doors and enter footman with tea tray, etc.*)

MRS. B. Yep! It's difficult to realize, isn't it?—in the States it's almost criminal for a woman not to look at least 10 years younger than she really is, and I have always been regarded as a remarkable woman for my age. (*servants arrange the things on the table—then take tray from JENNINGS*)

LADY C. (*taking in MRS. B. disapprovingly*) It's a matter of costuming that completes the deception. At first glance, I thought you were a young woman, Mrs.—

MRS. B. Bunker—

LADY C. Bunker— But on closer inspection I see you are not. (*INDIANA laughs aside at table L. of C.*)

MRS. B. (*to IND.*) (*pointing to her neck*) She gave it to me right there!

MRS. B. (*x'ing to L. C.* LORD S. *comes down back of sofa L.*) Lady Canning, I wouldn't harbor any old bachelors. Now if he were my brother, I wouldn't give him house room. I'd just turn him out and he'd have to marry for a shelter—Ha! Ha! Ha! (MRS. B., L. C., LORD S. *comes down back of sofa.* LADY CANNING and MRS. S. *on sofa R.* MR. S. and THURS. *up C.* INDIANA *at tea table pouring tea.* Footman *standing beside her.* JENNINGS *standing above table directing footman*)

LORD S. Mrs. Bunker— I don't think it very pally of you to give me away to my sister. I am perfectly aware that I have here what you call in America—a—a—a lead pipe cinch.

(INDIANA *sits, straining her ears and eyes trying to listen to what everybody is saying while pouring out the tea*) (*Appears very anxious—and making mental comparison between her people and the others.* Exit LORD C. and MR. S. L. 1. E.)

(JENNINGS *stands anxiously watching footman hand round the cups. She forgets herself, takes the teapot in hand and sits with it suspended over the cups. Her eyes and ears straining to listen now to MRS. B., now to her mother, who are talking with LADY C.*)

LADY C. (*sofa R.*) And how do you find your daughter looking, Mrs. Stillwater?

MRS. S. (*sofa R., shakes her head dolefully*) Her color's not so high as it used to be, but I suppose that's because she's used to flying about in the open air.

IND. (*L. of table C.*) Mother!

MRS. S. (*starting up*) What is it, Indiana?

IND. (*with a warning glance*) You don't take sugar, do you?

MRS. S. No, dear, but let me pour it out. Don't wait on me.

LADY C. Sit down, dear Mrs. Stillwater, Indiana always does her duty as Mistress of the house. (*footman takes cup of tea to Mrs. S.*) There's no doubt you miss her very much—I can understand that.

MRS. S. I'll tell you frankly. I was very much against her marrying away from home. I begged her not to do it. You've got to give in to Indiana to get along with her. (*LADY C. laughs quietly—footman takes tea to Mrs. B. STAF. takes it from tray and gives to Mrs. B., also hands cake bracket*)

IND. Mother!

MRS. S. (*x's R. of table*) Yes dear. (*goes over to her*) (*JENNINGS takes tray from footman and footman exits L. 1 E.*)

IND. (*aside*) Stop that. (*Mrs. S. looks at her—INDIANA pouring tea—JEN. starts to take it L. of IND.*) This is for dear Lady Canning. No. I'll bring it to her myself. (*x's to LADY C. Sits beside LADY C. MRS. S. turning watching her jealously*)

MRS. S. (*R. of table, to JENNINGS who is L. above table*) She never waited on me like that, never. (*putting cup on table x's to sofa L. Enter LORD C. and Mrs. S., go up C.*)

MR. S. (*looking at tapestry*) Yes—I know it's all very fine. I admire it right here—because it belongs here, but when our millionaires import other people's old furniture even—and put it into their brand new American houses, it seems to me snobbery—the only value of an antique is when it remains where it has grown old.

THURS. (*up C.*) I agree with you there, Mr. Stillwater.

LADY C. (*rising as INDIANA takes cup and gives it to JENNINGS, to INDIANA gently*) My darling Indiana, if you will excuse me, I know you have much to say to your people. Now when will you come and dine with us? (LADY C. R. C. IND. *x's down R.*)

MRS. B. (*rises down L.*) Oh, we'll run in any old time. (MRS. S. *rises with LADY C. and remains in front of sofa L.*)

MR. S. (*up L. C.*) We won't wait for invitations. We'll run over to breakfast or supper just as the spirit moves us—but anyway we'll take possession while we're here. (LORD C. *goes to door up R. 3 E.*)

LADY C. (R. C.) Americans must be very sociable people. We English have not that quality.

IND. (*to her*) Dear Lady Canning—

LADY C. (*gently*) We'll always be pleased to see you—whenever you care to come—but we are not used to be taken unawares. (LORD C. *takes her to entrance. Exit LADY C. and THURS. IND. beckons LORD S., who join LADY C.*)

MRS. B. (*to C.*) Indiana Stillwater, you are making comparisons.

IND. (*up behind sofa R.*) Nothing of the kind, Grandma Chazy.

MRS. B. (*x'ing down R.*) The way you crawl to that old woman is very un-American, to say the least.

IND. (*coming down L. of her*) In England it's the custom to pay great respect to *old* people.

MRS. B. That's a nice slap in the face for us.

IND. Grandma, you don't want the deference due to age, do you? (MR. S. *comes down R. of table, Mrs. S. down L.*)

MRS. B. Not for many, many years, I hope.

IND. Think of me treating ma and pa like that. They wouldn't like it a bit. (*going to Mrs. S. c*)

MR. S. (*putting arm around her*) No—as long as you love us we are satisfied to wait on you.

MRS. S. (L. C.) But don't let anyone else take our place. (*commences to cry*)

MRS. B. (*pushing MRS. S. up L. C.*) Here now—I didn't come across that nasty ocean to pitch my tent in Calamity Camp. Just go and put on your things and come with us. (*takes IND. R. C.*) We're going to have a good time, if it is Sunday night.

IND. I'd love to go. I must ask my husband. (*x's toward door R. 3 E.*) (*all turn, backs to audience in amazement*)

MRS. B. (*down R.*) Indiana Stillwater, I never thought you would turn out such a spiritless kind of woman. Of course it's none of my business—but if you start in this way—what's going to become of your individuality, which is the pride and glory of the American woman?

IND. (*up R. C.*) It's not so, Grandma Chazy, I do just as I like. I allow no one to compel me.

MRS. S. (L. C.) You're quite right to ask your husband and if it's against his religious rules you stay at home—and—and read the Bible. (*shakes her head as if to say, "It's come to that."*)

IND. (*up R. C.*) (*blazing at them*) It's not so, I tell you! (*comes down R. C.*) You don't understand the conditions of life over here. The real thing don't go anywhere on Sundays—if they must break out they go over to Paris where nobody sees them—I will always love my own people, but I won't be blind to their faults. We lack *noblesse oblige* and repose and all that sort— (*goes to MRS. S. C.*)

MR. S. (*embraces her*) That may be so Indy. But if you keep cultivating a field of wheat right along you cultivate it until it doesn't produce anything. They're running to seed fast and we're still

bearing strong—repose, let them have it. Thank heaven we youngsters are always on our feet. (Mrs. S. *crying silently*)

IND. (*despairingly, x's to Mrs. S. Mr. S. up L. C.*) Mother— Don't cry—I'll go—there—there!

Mrs. S. (*brightening up*) Darling—don't you think we ought to invite Thurston?

IND. I'll ask him, of course. But he won't come. That's quite out of the question. (*toward R. C. a little*)

Mrs. B. (*x's to L. C., with a sigh of relief*) We'll manage without him. Good-bye dear, good-bye. Then we'll send for you this evening. I've a surprise for you. (*turns to IND.*)

IND. (*delighted*) Ah!—don't tell me—it's too nice to look forward to something— (Mr. S. *goes back of table and comes down R. C.*)

Mrs. B. (*looking at dress*) Take off that dowdy thing and wear something becoming—

IND. (*x'ing to Mr. S., winces—then tossing her head*) We the leading people must encourage home manufacture.

Mrs. B. (*severely*) Nature endowed you so lavishly that you can't afford to increase your waist to the width of your shoulders.

Mrs. S. (L. C.) We turned you out better.

Mr. S. (R. C.) (*touches INDIANA'S dress*) Hum—I prefer a fine silk made in Paterson, New Jersey, shipped to Lyons to be stamped, and re-imported as French. Ha! Ha! Ha! (*enter THURS. R. 3 E. x's to door L. 1 E.*)

Mrs. B. (C. *in a spirit of raillery*) I learnt so many new things in the way of dress combinations coming and at Liverpool—white muslin frocks—fur capes, woolen stockings and hats—a la Robinson Crusoe— (*x's to L. C.—all laugh—INDIANA severe*)

Mr. S. (*x's to IND. at C., then goes to door L. 1*

E., *shakes hands with THURSTON and exits* L. 1 E.)  
Indy, dear—go back to your trousseau.

MRS. B. (*x's to IND., then to door* L. 1 E. and *exit* L. 1 E.) Yes, do so—go back to your trousseau.

MR. S. (*at door* L.) (*aside*) Thurston, has she broken out yet? (THURSTON *laughingly shakes his head*) That's good.

(INDIANA *stands down with clenched fists pouting like a child who is being teased.* MRS. B. and MRS. S. *exit, followed by THURSTON and Mr. S. all in high spirits laughing*) (MR. S. *takes THURSTON'S arm and they exit laughing together—INDIANA gazing at door and listening to the voices outside till they die away*) (THURS. *comes in, laughing heartily, comes down and at the sight of INDIANA'S dismal face, the smile dies on his face.*)

IND. (*over R. C.*) Oh! Go on, don't mind me, laugh at them, ridicule them. Tell me you don't want them to darken your doors again. I'm ready for any thing.

THURS. Indiana! I was not laughing that way. I find your people very witty and amusing—as for separating you from them—I hope we shall see as much of them as we possibly can. Grandma Chazy is a new creation for us—we simply revel in her. She'll create a sensation wherever she goes. I shouldn't at all wonder if she doesn't marry well and settle down in England. There now, the storm's over, eh? Poor little thing! You've had a shock, I hate surprises myself. Lie down for an hour and rest.

IND. (*going toward door* R. 1 E.) No! No! There's no time. I have promised to go out—the folks wouldn't take "no" for an answer—and it's natural they should want me with them, isn't it?

THURS. (*coldly—sits L. of table*) Naturally.

IND. I won't ask you to waste your night, but you can come for me.

THURS. Where?

IND. Oh, they've mapped out a program. Grandma Chazy knows what's to be seen. (R. C.)

THURS. I'm only your husband—it is true—but I think I have a right to know if my wife will go out—where she is going.

IND. Oh, it's to some big hotel to dine where you see—the actors and actresses—there's music and the whole Push— Oh, I mean lots of people.

THURS. (L. of table—*after a pause*) I am very sorry to disappoint you—but I cannot permit you to go. That's not the thing for Lady Canning. It may be all right for a lot of sight-seers—strangers—but London is our home. I do not wish you to be seen in public until I have formally presented you—as by wife. Indiana, I do not want to force you but to convince you now—admit that it would be very inconsistent.

IND. Yes, but that's just why I want to do it. (at door R. 1 E.)

THURS. (*x's to her—smiles*) You child—come now— (takes IND. around the waist—*she rebels*) shut those sharp little American eyes and slumber for an hour—and dream yourself into good humor again. (puts her on sofa over L. as she reaches sofa she tumbles on it head toward C.)

IND. (*piteously, rising on elbow*) Thurston, they've got a surprise for me.

THURS. What another—your nerves won't stand any more surprises to-night. (THURS. gets rug up L. and puts it over her; as he does so she pulls one end down tightly about her shoulder) Now in one

hour I shall come in on tiptoe and awaken my sleeping beauty with a kiss.

IND. (*on sofa, shuts her eyes*)

THURS. Asleep already, or sulking—which?

IND. (*piteously*) Thurston—I want to go. Thurston, why can't I go?

THURS. (*coldly*) Because you yourself have acknowledged it is not the thing— (*tenderly*) Indiana, do you remember the day I asked you to be my wife—the condition—upon which you accepted me.

IND. (*innocently, raising herself up*) What?

THURS. That—I should not give in—

IND. Oh! (*falls back on sofa—shuts her eyes*)

THURS. (*seriously*) I have never in my life broken a given word—this is our first difference—I must keep my promise to you—I must not give in. (*exits quietly R. 3 E.*) (INDIANA *with a half sob turns her face to the wall. A pause. She turns restlessly*)

IND. (*opens her eyes wide, looks at ceiling*) 5—10—15, etc., to 100— (*sighs, sighs again. Turns restlessly, repeats to herself*) Ana mana mony my, passa lona bona swei—hare ware from wack alike balicky we wo why wack. I'm out— Yes I am out—out of everything. (*tries to sleep—finds she can't, rises, takes pillow and shawl and turns head the opposite direction—stretches, etc., then finds she can't and rises*) I can't sleep. (*takes pillow and throws it out, striking GLEN as he enters followed by JENNINGS, who picks up pillow*) Glen! (*with a scream of delight she throws herself into his arms and he is about to kiss her when she shrinks away*) Oh! I forgot! (JENNINGS *puts up lights*) (GLEN *is dressed in full evening dress in the height of fashion*)

IND. (*c.—standing away from him rather shyly*) You were the surprise?

GLEN. (*L. c.*) Yes, I was the surprise.

IND. I was just trying to sleep and thinking of the old days when we played tag together and—Oh! How fine— (*x's to R. c.*)

GLEN. (*c. eagerly*) What?

IND. Never mind.

GLEN. I've become a man of the world since you left, Indy. Dead easy—buy the highest priced clothes, wear patent leather boots, keep your hands in your pockets and look bored—you don't ask me to sit down. (*x'ing to sofa L.*)

IND. Yes, do. You've changed so much for the better—I'm quite bewildered.

GLEN. (*both sit—with a superior air*) That's worth crossing the ocean to hear from you. But I won't sit down here, the place chokes me—I've brought a hansom and we'll jump in and take a spin about—till it's time to join the folks at dinner.

IND. (*rising goes to table—her back toward him with a gulp*) I'm not going—my husband won't let me—

GLEN. Your husband won't let you? Poor, poor child, has it come to this already?

IND. (*blazing at him—turning to him*) Don't waste any sympathy—I'm perfectly happy, I assure you.

GLEN. (*skeptically*) Yes—you look it— (*IND. x's R. of table*) I understand him—it's a case of jealousy— He's trying to wean you from your own people— I suppose I won't be allowed to see anything of you either. I am glad they let me in to get one glimpse of you. Next time it will be "Not at home" or "engaged" or something—I'm very sorry—you couldn't come just this one night. It'll spoil

the whole evening for us—and I had so much to tell you—but I won't keep you—good-bye— (*goes L.*)

IND. (*despairingly—follows him*) Glen! How can you act like that. I'm no prisoner. I can go if I want to—but I don't want to—

GLEN. That makes it worse than ever. We sympathize with you in the other case, but now, we must have the pride not to beg—when you turn your back upon us—good night.

IND. Oh! I can't stand this. I'll go— (*x's toward door R. 3 E., half to herself*) It's no use appealing to Thurston, because—well—well—just sit down and I'll slip into a dress— (*x's to door R. 1 E., comes back*) I won't go to any hotel where there's music.

GLEN. (*joyfully*) It's a go. (*C.—exit IND. in room*) (*GLEN looks around then sits L. of table takes up book, looks at fly leaf*) (*Enter JENNINGS who lights candles up stage*)

GLEN. (*reading from the fly leaf*) H F R  
G M Hallelujah — Fanatica — Religioso —  
Gloria—Monday—Sunday I mean. Is that right?

JEN. No, sir, it means, Honorary Fellow Royal Geographical Society. They wanted Lord Thurston to lead an expedition to the North Pole, I understand, if his lordship had not married, he would have gone.

GLEN. (*shaking his head and rising, leaves book on table*) Pity he didn't go— (*sighs, looks around, x's to mantel, sees photo, takes it down*) Ah, a new photograph—

JEN. Yes, of her little ladyship— Do you like it?

GLEN. Oh, so-so— (*sees JENNINGS is not looking, kisses it*)

JEN. (*up L.*) My lady thinks it's vulgar to be photographed—I can't agree with her—I love that

picture—I look at it fifty times a day. My lady is going to have her little ladyship's portrait painted by one of the great masters—

GLEN. What next—

JEN. What next? After the season we are to go to our ancestral hall and her little ladyship is to play Lady Bountiful and visit all the poor tenants.

GLEN. Another new part— (*to picture*) It's all acting with you—when the first blaze of glory is over and you find yourself in it for life what will you do then, you poor little prairie chicken—

JEN. (*disgusted*) Prairie chicken! (*exit L. 1 E.*)

GLEN. (*laughs, goes to chair L. of table, sits*) How jolly I am—liar—hypocrite— (*kicks his foot, then to picture*) (Ah you wicked little secessionist, you'll eat your heart out here in this imperialism. Little Western Bobolink, with your wings clipped and your eyes peering over the cruel ocean. (*half sobs*) Oh, you'll never complain. You're too proud. (*leans his head on his hand*—INDIANA enters in full evening dress—pulls bell cord—stands for a moment and then throws her glove at him, turns) Oh! (*rises, goes L. C., leaving picture on table*)

IND. (*with a superior air, sits R. of table, writes*) (GLEN looks at her with worshipping eyes) It's not necessary to ask you how I look. I've completely stunned you. Now I'll leave a message for Thurston. (*takes up pen, and then perplexed, begins to look a little grave*)

GLEN. Oh, you're sorry. You'd like to back out.

IND. (*nervng herself—writes*) Not at all—I know just what my husband will do. He won't say a word to anyone—he'll jump in a cab and follow me.

GLEN. And then a family row.

IND. Thurston is too high bred for any public display of feeling, but he'll look cold and proud—I'll—I'll quiver my eyelids, and—he'll kiss me—that's all.

GLEN. I know—you could soften stone. (*picks up gloves*)

IND. (*on the qui vive*) Oh, I'm so excited. I love uncertainty of any kind.

GLEN. (*goes up L. C.*) Women are born gamblers. (*enter JENNINGS L. 1 E., goes above table*)

IND. (*trying to appear indifferent*) There—there is a note on the table for—your master.

JEN. Yes, your ladyship.

IND. (*x'ing in front of table up L. C.—R. of GLEN*) (*loftily*) Er—I shall be—

GLEN. Somebody coming— (*cross*) Quick or Bluebeard will cut off our heads.

IND. (*bus. takes GLEN's hand*) Scoot! (*takes his hand and laughing like two children, they exit as she says Skee-oot*) (*JENNINGS shakes his head dolefully as LORD S. enters in evening dress*)

JEN. (*goes quickly up to window C., at window horror stricken*) She's driving off in a hansom!

LORD S. (*at fireplace*) Who's driving off in a hansom?

JEN. (*starting*) Her—her little ladyship.

LORD S. Impossible.

JEN. (*down L. C.*) Her little ladyship's gone with the gentleman from America.

LORD S. (*contemplating, pulling his mustache*) Oh, evidently—young Masters— By George! (*enter THURSTON*)

THURS. (*down C.*) Uncle Gerald, I thought you were dining out this evening. (*LORD S. stands lighting a cigarette trying to appear unconcerned*) I'm as hungry as a bear— (*goes to door of room—*

*knocks*) Indiana! (*knocks*) Indiana dear! (*open door*)

## WARN CURTAIN

LORD S. Er—Thurston.

THURS. (*turns quickly*) Where's Indiana?

JEN. (L.) Her little ladyship's gone out, sir.

THURS. Impossible. I left her asleep here.  
(*x'ing L. of table pointing at sofa*)

JEN. Her ladyship left a note. (THURSTON  
*rushes to table, takes note, opens it, reads it quickly*)  
Shall I serve dinner at the usual hour, sir?

THURS. Certainly. (JENNINGS *goes out L. 1 E.*)

LORD S. (*quickly at fireplace*) She has gone with  
young Masters.

THURS. Yes, to dine, and asks me to fetch her.

LORD S. (*relieved*) Then it's all right.

THURS. (C.) It's not all right by any means,  
Uncle Gerald. My wife has gone against my ex-  
press wishes.

LORD S. (*x'ing toward THURSTON*) Ah! By  
George! too bad. You'll go and fetch her of course?

THURS. (*after a pause*) No!

THURS. No!

LORD S. What are you going to do?

THURS. (*after a pause—sit L. of table C., LORD  
S. looks at him*) I—I'm going—to—sit up for my  
wife (like a good obedient husband!) ad lib—

## CURTAIN

PICTURE.—THURSTON (*takes up book, opens it—*

LORD S. *back to audience going out R. 3 E.*)

## ACT III

LIGHT PLOT.—*Lights same as end of Act II. Except candles in sconces (R. and L. arch c.) out. Calcium on drop out. Side lights off. House  $\frac{1}{4}$  up.*

Cue—*As clock strikes 12. Border works off gradually. Foots work to half—JENNINGS extinguishes candles.*

Cue—*After entrance of GLEN. Bunches L. 1 E. and R. 2 E. go off.*

Cue—*After curtains on C. arch are closed. A white bunch is thrown on window C. and platform, but kept off drop.*

Cue—*When JENNINGS put out lamp C. Foots go to a slight glow (a snap)*

Cue—*When LORD CANNING puts up lamp C. Foots go up to  $\frac{1}{4}$ —(at a snap)*

SCENE.—*The same. Time, 11 o'clock, night.*

DISCOVERED.—*THURSTON still sitting with book at table. The clock strikes 11. JENNINGS stands looking at THURSTON wistfully.*

## WARN KNOCK

THURS. *(at L. of table C.)* Eleven o'clock—*(enter JENNINGS L. 1 E. THURSTON in sharp, quick tone)* Well, what is it?

JENNINGS. I'll keep up the fire, sir, it's a bit sharp out to-night.

THURS. *(slowly, as if with difficulty)* My mother does not know—my wife—is—absent—

JEN. No, sir—not a word, sir.

THURS. That's right. We mustn't worry her unnecessarily. (*a knock heard outside*)

## KNOCK

JEN. (*with a chuckle of joy*) Ah! Here's her little ladyship now, sir. (*exits L. 1 E. THURSTON with a flash of joy goes toward door but on second thought he returns, sits down at L. of table, bends his head down over his book trying to appear disinterested. JENNINGS enters followed by MR. STILLWATER*)

THURS. (*turns on seeing STILLWATER, a look of deep disappointment and anger passes over his face and he speaks quickly and uncontrollably—rises*) Where is my wife—where is she? (*x's to R. C.*)

STILL. (*very conciliating and a little embarrassed. Is in evening dress with overcoat over his arm and an opera hat*) She's all right, my boy—she's all right. She's at the hotel with Mother and Grandma Chazy, and I came to bring you back to finish up the evening with us— (*puts hat and coat on L. end of sofa*)

THURS. Mr. Stillwater, do you know that my wife left the house against my expressed wish and commands? Drove away from my door on Sunday evening with a gentleman not her husband?

STILL. Yes, I know all about it, my boy—but it was only Glen—just the same as her own brother.

THURS. My household does not know that. The appearance of such a proceeding is most unfavorable. (*x'ing to fire R. 2 E.*)

STILL. (*L. C. rather impatiently*) I know—but—it's Indiana's way of doing things—just because you said she shouldn't, she did it. Now if you'd handled her a little better—you'll excuse me, but I've known her longer than you.

THURS. (*x's to L. and front of table c.*) You may have known her longer, but I doubt if you know her better. As to handling her, as you call it, I will never bribe or cajole my wife into doing her duty.

STILL. (*with an effort of conciliation*) My boy, I approve of the stand you are taking—but commence after we've gone. It'll be all right; I promise you she will receive you with open arms.

THURS. I am sorry to refuse you. This is the first time my wife has openly defied my wishes; if I give in, it will only be the beginning of endless repetitions, and I shall fall in line behind her (*sarcastic*) like a good, obedient husband.

STILL. (*rather huffed*) It's not such a terrible thing to be a good, obedient husband. I'm one—I don't look very bad on it—do I?

THURS. (*smiling*) My dear Father-in-law, if I were an American, I would consider it the acme of bliss to be in the leading strings of my pretty wife, but—

STILL. (*with a laugh*) You're not built that way, eh? (THURS. *laughs and shrugs his shoulders*) (STILLWATER *more at ease x's to sofa takes up coat and hat*) Come along, she's only a mite—she's done wrong, she knows it and she's mighty uncomfortable. Now come, and when you get her home read the riot act— (L. *end of sofa*. THURSTON *shakes his head*. STILLWATER *annoyed, puts coat and hat on R. end of sofa R. c.*) I will not have her staying over night with us. The place for a young wife is under her husband's roof.

THURS. (*sitting R. of table c.*) Use your authority to convince her of that fact.

STILL. (*to L. of table c. Intensely*) Do you think I haven't done so already? Do you think I came here alone to-night without doing all I knew

how to get her to come with me? She never told us until the evening was half over that you forbade her to go—we begged—we prayed—we bullied her—and she gave it to us back as good as she got it—ha! ha!—and Grandma Chazy got mad—she—she nearly slapped her. But do you think she'd budge—not a foot. Come now, she doesn't mean anything, and will I tell you something?— She's afraid to come home. I know that little uneasy laugh of hers—with her eyes full of tears—she's done wrong—she's sorry and she wants you to come and make it up— Won't you come, Thurston—won't you?

THURS. (*shakes his head negatively*) When I think of you three old people helpless against that slip of a girl, it appalls me—

STILL. Then I tell you what it is! She won't come home until you do come after her—that's her ultimatum. (*strikes front end of table with hand*)

THURS. (*rising, speaking sternly and decidedly*) And this is mine—my house closes at 12 o'clock and if she does not return at that time, the doors will be locked for the night.

STILL. (*x'ing back of sofa*) I'll do what I can—I'll march her into a carriage as soon as I get home. (*takes up coat and hat*) She won't let me come with her because she don't know how you'll receive her—I'll tell her you're waiting up, eh?

THURS. I shall wait up until 12—after that time she must remain with you—

STILL. (*with a sigh, x's to door L. 1 E. stops*) You're making a very hard time for yourself—Good night. (*exit L. 1 E.* THURSTON *stands motionless as a statue in deep thought.* JENNINGS *enters L. 1 E.*)

THURS. (*in measured tones*) Jennings, Lady Canning may not return to-night. She will prob-

ably remain with her people—she naturally wants to see as much of them as possible.

JEN. Yes, your lordship.

THURS. Lock up at the usual hour and go to bed. If she is not here before 12, she will not return.

JEN. (*watching him*) Yes, your lordship — (*with an ejaculation of fear*) Milady—Sir—Milady — (*stands down L.*)

THURS. My mother! Don't look so anxious, Jennings, don't. (*enter LADY CANNING R. 2 E. With a bright smile on his face he takes LADY C.'s two hands and draws her into the room*) Mother! What keeps you up at this hour?

LADY C. (*x's to seat at fireplace*) I've had so much to think of—since—since this afternoon. I wasn't at all sleepy—where's Indiana—in bed? Jennings told me she had a headache. (*exit JENNINGS hurriedly*)

THURS. (*mechanically*) Yes, the excitement. (*JENNINGS slowly exits*)

LADY C. (*affectionately taking THURSTON's hand*) Thurston, I have only realized what a courageous man you are, dear—since I have seen her people.

THURS. (*leaning over her*) Mother, the only difference between us is that we are old and they are new people—and after all, (*sits*) mother, is not that repose of class and breeding a sign of old age and is not a restless, ever-seething activity, signs of a youthful and healthful vitality?

LADY C. It's very good and chivalrous of you, my dear, to look at it that way, and perhaps you are right, but I am not a student of sociology—not that I object to the mother and father—we have one great point of sympathy—our love for the dear child—but the Grandmother, Thurston—is she—quite—well balanced?

THURS. (*laughing*) She's a shining light, mother—she has invented a number of very ingenious improvements for practical machines—she is a prominent member of women's clubs—but I believe she is going in for some political office next year.

LADY C. (*with a sigh*) Wonderful how people differ in conception of things, but if she were my mother, I should consider she should have a personal attendant. What do you think she said to me—that "I ought to make more of myself" and "If I'd come over to the hotel she'd fix me up." (LORD THURS. and LADY C. *laugh*) Well, we'll get on with them, won't we—they have given us our Indiana—I am going to make a great effort for her sake; I'm going to present her myself at the first drawing-room of the season.

THURS. Mother—

### WARN CLOCK

LADY C. Yes, I'm coming out of my retirement after twenty years, and we'll make a sensation, I promise you. The child has brightened my life. I'm beginning to take an interest in things for the first time since I lost your dear father.

THURS. (*rising x's to lower end of mantel*) I'm very glad of that, mother, very glad—and happy.

LADY C. (*rises, x's toward door R. 1 E.*) Now I'll just creep in and kiss her good night. I—

THURS. (*quietly — stopping her*) I wouldn't, mother.

LADY C. I won't awake her.

THURS. (*quietly but with an intent anxiety*) Don't go in, mother.

LADY C. (*turns away to R. C.*) (*comes back unwillingly*) Just as you say, Thurston—give her my love and a kiss. We must love her very much,

and if there are any faults, we must deal gently with them on account of her training.

THURS. Good night, mother. (*takes her to door—she exits R. 3 E.* THURSTON *smiles her out, and as soon as she is gone, THURSTON looks at clock, then goes up to window C., opens it and looks out—closes it—but opens it again quickly as though he heard a cab. Mistaken, he again closes the window and goes to seat at fireplace—sits—looks again at clock—then buries his face in his hands. Enter JENNINGS*) (*JENNINGS carries candle extinguisher*)

JEN. (*at chair L. of table*) (*piteously*) Won't you have a cold bite, sir—you never touched the dinner. (*THURSTON shakes his head*) A glass of wine, sir?

THURS. Nothing—Jennings, don't bother—there's a good fellow and don't come crawling in and out continually—I can't read—it disturbs me. (*x's to arm chair R. of table, takes up book*)

### CLOCK STRIKES 12

JENNINGS. Very well, sir—(*x's to fireplace and extinguishes candles, and then x's to candelabra above door L. and extinguishes those. The clock strikes twelve while JENNINGS is doing this. Six candles on mantel and three at door are all that can be extinguished during the time*)

### WARN KNOCK

THURS. (*reads*) Twelve o'clock.

JEN. I'll only put on the chain, your Lordship—in case—

THURS. Lock the door—take the key out as usual, and go to bed.

### KNOCK

JEN. (*with a silent motion of assent, goes to door—a loud knock*) Ah! Here she is—at last. Here's her little ladyship—(*rushes out*)

THURS. (*then with a cry of gladness x's toward door L. 1 E.*) Ah! my wife—my Indiana— Thank heaven—I— (*rushes to door and is met by GLEN, who enters. THURS. turns and crosses to R. C.*)

GLEN. (*a little embarrassed*) It's rather a late visit, Lord Canning—but—I—I left the folks about ten o'clock and—I—I've been driving about the city trying to collect my thoughts. Indiana told me you generally sat up after she retired, so I waited late to find you alone and have it out with you.

THURS. (*who has regained his composure*) Oh! Indeed—I was not aware that there was any subject to be thrashed out between you and me—

GLEN. Indiana's unhappy—I can't see it—it breaks my heart.

THURS. (*R. C., coldly*) You are a very young man, sir—and closely connected with my wife and her family, or I should consider this an unwarrantable piece of impertinence.

GLEN. Ah! that's the point, and as we both want square and above board—and I hate anything clandestine—this is a case of a husband and wife and another man who loves her. I'm the other man—now kick me out. (*x'ing towards THURSTON*)

THURS. (*half amused—half earnest*) I should assuredly do so if you were an Englishman. But, in your case I will only beg of you to explain your meaning— I am always willing to learn.

GLEN. (*embarrassed*) Er—have a cigarette—er—Indiana won't be likely to come in (*hands his case. THURS. refuses*) I suppose she's safe in bed—

THURS. (*evasively*) No—it's not likely—

GLEN. (*lights cigarette sitting on R. arm of sofa*) I want to keep her out of it if I can. (*confidentially—lighting cigarette*) I'm not much of a talker, and this helps me—and I'm a great thinker—I've lived alone a considerable part of my life, and my way

of doing things may not be strictly constitutional—but that doesn't say I'm wrong— (*x's to table, moves inkstand to lower end of table, puts burnt match in its tray and then sits*)

THURS. Not at all— (*goes up back of chair R. of table*)

GLEN. (*very important manner*) Do you believe that the pursuit of happiness is the—highest aim of life?

THURS. That depends whose happiness a man is pursuing—you are evidently after mine. (*sits R. of table*)

GLEN. What I mean is making others—happy, the highest aim.

THURS. Possibly—my highest aim at present is to see my wife perfectly happy.

GLEN. Ah! that's the point, and as we both want the same thing, there will be no difficulty in joining forces and accomplishing it.

THURS. I cannot see how you can help in that consummation—

GLEN. (*boyishly*) That's what I came to tell you—I'm the only one who really understands Indiana. I know how to get at her true feelings better than all her folks put together. (THURSTON *half smiles*—GLEN *with a superior manner*) I saw the end of it from the first—like all young girls, Indy wanted something new. I'm not blaming her but—she's not happy—she can never be made happy away from her own home and people.

THURS. (*manner changing from good natured tolerance to icy proudness*) Are you here as my wife's ambassador?

GLEN. (*uneasily*) Well, no, not exactly—but she didn't object when I told her that I was going to have it out with you.

THURS. It will be interesting to know what your intentions are.

GLEN. (*intensely naïve*) I—I want to tell you the thing won't work—I don't see how you could expect it. I want, in a perfectly open and straightforward way, to discuss the means to the desired result—her happiness.

THURS. This would all be very farcial if there were not a very serious question for me at the root of it—

GLEN. (*a pause, GLEN embarrassed*)—er what do you propose to do?

THURS. (*stern and cold, drawing himself up*) Prove to my own satisfaction, the truth of your statement that my wife is not, and never *can* be happy in her new home. I shall not ask her. I am egotistical enough to believe that I understand her better than her people, and even better than *you*, and I am convinced that a few years away from her family, will convert the spoiled child into a splendid self-controlled woman.

GLEN. Er— How long will it take you to discover all this—a life time, I suppose.

THURS. About twelve hours.

GLEN. (*rising*) Lord Canning, I—I don't know why—but I don't feel anything near as confident as I did when I came in. I was sure my platform was a just and equitable one, but since I've been watching you and listening, I begin to feel a little ashamed of myself.

THURS. (*half seriously*) No occasion for it, I'm sure.

GLEN. You're a fine fellow, sir, and if Indiana is not happy with you—it is not your fault—it's the fault of your nationality—that's the only weak point I can see in you.

THURS. (*smiling*) An Englishman and his nationality cannot easily be divorced as—a husband and wife.

GLEN. Lord Canning—although it's against my—own interests, I—I wish you luck— (*start to go L. C.*)

THURS. (*x's toward bell cord down R.*) Thank you. A moment, please. The house is already closed for the night. (*pulls cord*) Jennings will open the door for you. (*THURSTON moves away from bell cord. JENNINGS enters L. 1 E.*) Jennings, light the gentleman down, (*significantly*) and fasten the bolt securely.

JENNINGS. Yes your lordship. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

### WARN KNOCKS

GLEN. Good night. (*x's to door. Enter JENNINGS with candle*) (*GLEN comes back confidentially*) You won't see me again—I shall keep out of the way—I won't move a step in this matter until I am quite sure the case is hopeless with you. (*THURSTON nods his head, half smiling. Exit GLEN followed by JENNINGS.* THURS. *throws back his head with a low laugh, then frowns and sits down to table, opens a book to read. JENNINGS comes in with key, stops and looks at THURSTON, whose head is bent over his book.*)

THURS. Jennings, what are you prowling around here for?

JEN. I just looked in to see after the fire, sir.

THURS. No sign of it's going out, Jennings. Find a more plausible excuse.

JEN. A few more coals on the fire if you are not going to bed—but perhaps you are going to bed.

THURS. No! I think I'll sit up and read.

JEN. Oh, very well then, I'll just look after it a bit. (*JENNINGS goes to fire, pokes it and then, see-*

*ing he is unnoticed by THURSTON, tiptoes to window and looks out. Pause count ten—a knock, low and timid. THURSTON starts, also JENNINGS)*

## KNOCK

THURS. Jennings—

JEN. Here's her little ladyship, sir— (*looks up and sees THURSTON's stern face*)

THURS. (*in low set tones*) Draw those curtains— (*JENNINGS goes to curtains and draws them. Another knock*)

## KNOCK

JEN. (*in desperation down L of table c. to THURSTON*) She's at the door—

## LIGHT AT BACK

THURS. I have said that my doors shall not be opened to-night—and I mean to keep my word. If you make one move to undo what I have done, in spite of the affection I have for you—I shall dismiss you on the spot.

JENNINGS. (*puts key on lower end of table, turns crying*) Dismiss! (*pathetically—takes key and puts it on the table, then breaks down sobbing*)

THURS. (*stands listening then takes key, starts for door*) I must (*listening intensely. Sound of cab door slam*) She has gone back to the carriage. (*the bell of the cab is heard*) She is driving back to the hotel—a little longer and I must have given in— (*goes to door of bed room*) Keep up the fire—I shall probably come in again and read— (*goes to door, exits into room sighing*)

JENNINGS. (*goes to table c., turns out light and starts toward door L. 1 E.*) That I should live to see this night. (*stops listening, conveying to the audience that he hears something. The sound of low sobbing is faintly heard—JENNINGS listening,*

*every nerve on the alert—in half whisper*) It's outside— (*goes to window, opens both doors of window—puts out his head*)

INDIANA. (*in low tones—outside*) Jennings.

JEN. Her little ladyship—on the steps—in the cold.

IND. Is it you, Jennings?

JEN. (*in a whisper*) Yes, your little ladyship. I can't open the door, your ladyship. Hush! don't call out—wait. Your little ladyship, can't you climb over the balcony. Take hold of that ivy there—there, that's right.

IND. (*seen through window c. as though climbing over balcony*) Oh, it's so high.

JEN. Now give me your hand—ah—you're such a light little body— (*enter INDIANA. Leans his body over the railings and gradually draws IND. up—she lightly jumps over the balcony—enters the room and rushes to the fire, shivering and warming her hands*)

IND. (*at fireplace*) Oh, I'm so cold—so cold—

JEN. Hush!—lower your voice, your little ladyship, if you don't want to ruin me.

IND. (*intensely*) What's the meaning of this. Where's my husband?

JEN. In there.

IND. Why didn't you open the door? (c.)

JEN. (L.) The master took the key from me.

IND. (*with horror-stricken face*) He—heard me then—he knew I was there—answer me!

JEN. (*in frightened tones*) Yes—your little ladyship— (*IND. in a rage leans back against table*) You won't tell him I helped you in, your little ladyship—he said he'd dismiss me on the spot—and he always keeps his word.

IND. (*leaning against the table*) Yes, he keeps his word— (*half dazed tones x's back to fireplace*)

I won't tell—and—I'm in now—thanks to you—it's a terrible thing to be locked out in the dark.

THURS. Jennings, is it you moving about in there?

IND. (*recoils from THURSTON'S door and motions JENNINGS out, as THURSTON'S door is thrown open, he enters, dressed with a smoking jacket—replacing his evening coat. He stands for a moment in full light which comes from his room, peering into the dim light. INDIANA watching, he goes to L. of table C. and turns up light. INDIANA advances quickly. He looks up and they stand face to face. He stands immovable—she panting with rage and excitement—INDIANA, half hysterically*) You locked me out of the house.

THURS. (*cold and calm—with a comprehensive look at open window*) And you came in by the window? (*goes to window and closes it*)

IND. (*x's L. of table C.*) You heard me knock and you left me on the doorstep.

THURS. You had due warning. (*comes down to fireplace*)

IND. You sent me a nice message with my father—to make me look ridiculous in the eyes of my own family—I waited purposely till after one o'clock to prove to you that I am no servant (*back of table*) compelled to come back home at a stated hour or have the door shut in my face. You are my husband, not my jailer—I am your wife, not your prisoner to be let out on parole. I give you full liberty of action—if you do not give me the same, I shall take it, Thurston, I shall take it—(*x's to him and then to table*) (*working herself up into a paroxysm of rage*)

THURS. (*coldly*) I consult your wishes in any action of my life—and I expect you to consult mine. I am your guide, your adviser, your superior—in

worldly knowledge. It is my duty to stand between you and the waywardness which will lead you in the wrong path. The true spirit of marriage—duty—obligation—responsibility—gives to love its most noble and enduring quality. (*during this THURSTON moves forward c. INDIANA goes around L. end of sofa*)

IND. Go on, lecture the child into submission—terrorize her into silence. Ah, you do not know me—I will never forgive you until you come to me on your knees—on your knees (*back of sofa*)

THURS. (*INDIANA leans head on hands on back of sofa*) I will never suffer again as you have made me suffer to-night—the agony of watching—hoping—the disappointment—the intolerable pain—

IND. (*laughing sarcastically*) Ah, you suffer—you left me on the doorstep—like an outcast and went calmly to sleep—how dared you! How dared you— (*x's to him in front of chair L. of table c.*)

THURS. I dared—because it was for your good.

IND. Ha! Ha! A slave to bend at your will—a character to be molded— (*sits on chair L. of table c.*)

THURS. (*excitedly*) No! no!—no! you are not a doll to be fed and clothed and petted—kept for my pleasure and vanity alone. I am not such a man, I hold you higher—you are to me a responsible being whom I must respect and to accomplish that I must teach you first to respect yourself— (*R. of table*)

IND. Ah! insult—now— (*rising*)

THURS. If there is to be any future for us, you must change your treatment of me.

IND. Oh, must I? (*x's to sofa L. and sits*)

THURS. I will not be the victim of your caprice—to be dragged after you through life—to beg for your favors—to give up my career—my brain—my honor, and consider myself amply

repaid when you give me your lips to kiss — no—you are no longer a child, you are the wife of a man who will not allow you to make him (IND. *laughing up to this point—breaks off at the word “ridiculous,” buries her face in her handkerchief to control herself*) ridiculous before the world, nor submit to have the sacredness of his home violated and his deepest emotions coarsely discussed by strangers.

IND. I make you ridiculous—I—and what have you done? How have you treated me—you never loved me, you are a tyrant— I have never had a happy moment with you. (THURS. *winces*) I’m sorry I ever married you. I would undo it now if I could. (*crescendo*)

#### WARN CURTAIN

THURS. (*turns with a cry of pain*) Ah!—

IND. (*turning on him*) I mean it. I have never known a harsh word in my life. Everybody loved—everybody petted me, and you— (*rises*) to treat me like this—I won’t stand it, I tell you. (*x’s to him*) I hate you standing there like ice—I hate you—I hate (*losing all self-control, INDIANA lifts her fists as if to strike him in her rage—with a sudden revulsion of feeling, THURSTON, with an exclamation of horror and abhorrence, turns away from her and rushes into his room shutting the door after him. INDIANA, helpless and groping like a bewildered child*) I—I—didn’t mean it—I didn’t know what I was saying— Oh! I hate myself—not you, Thurston—not you— (*x’s to door R. 1 E.*) (*sobs*) I—want to ask you to forgive me—Thurston. I’m so sorry Thurston (*leans her head against the door*) I want to tell you— Oh—! it is too late—too late— (*drops down by door R. 1 E. sobbing*)

#### CURTAIN

## ACT IV

LIGHT PLOT.—*Same scene as Acts II and III. At rise—House half up. Lamp lighted c. Candles out. Foots, sides, 1st border and bunches L. 1 E., R. 1 and 2 E. up full. Remain entire act. Fire almost out. Calcium—amber from L. on to drop.*

Cue—*At entrance of LORD CANNING. Calcium—white goes on to drop from R., remains throughout act.*

SCENE.—*The same.*

TIME.—*Following morning. The lights are still lit. The fire out. Through the window strong daylight pouring into the room.*

DISCOVERED.—INDIANA sits on floor by sofa at fireplace, her head resting on sofa, arm hanging listlessly down, eyes closed, whole appearance disordered, hair untidy. A quiet, gentle knock—a pause. JENNINGS steals quietly in—comes down, sees INDIANA and shakes his head sadly. He has her wrap on his arm. INDIANA same dress as Acts II and III. Wrapped in shawl of Act II.

JENNINGS. (*softly*) Your little ladyship.

IND. (*pathetically, raising her head*) (*wrapped in shawl*) I wasn't asleep, Jennings. (*shivers*)

JEN. You left this on the doorstep.

IND. Did I? Yes, perhaps I did. (*rising. Wraps her cloak about her shoulders, piteously*) I—I've been sitting here all night long.

JEN. (*takes shawl, puts it up stage R.*) My poor Bairn—it's a shame—a shame—

IND. Hush! He's in there— (JENNINGS *stand R. of C.*)

IND. (*rising*) I shall never be warm again— (*a knock at door—startled*) Who's that?

JEN. (*at door*) No one will come in, your ladyship, I've ordered some tea and a bit of toast for you— (*x'ing to door L. takes the tray from someone outside and shuts the door, places tray on table*)

IND. Tea and toast!!! Tea and toast!! (INDIANA *goes to arm chair R. of table C.*)

JEN. Two pieces of sugar?

IND. Yes.

JEN. And a lot of cream? (JENNINGS *business of fixing cup of tea*)

IND. (*eagerly*) Oh! thank you—thank you, Jennings. (*takes cup from his hand*) (*drinks eagerly*) Oh, that's good. I never tasted such delicious tea— Is it a new kind?

JEN. (*shakes his head*) Your little ladyship must be very hungry— (*hands her toast in rack—INDIANA refuses it*)

IND. (*with a look of intense fear towards THURSTON'S room*) Oh! I'm miserable—horribly miserable—I've never been miserable before in my life—when I hear a sound in there my heart jumps into my mouth— Jennings, I can trust you. I know you won't say anything.

JEN. No, your little ladyship.

IND. Now, did I do so very wrong, did I? That I should be treated like this? (*half sobs*)

JEN. It's cruel! Cruel! Your little ladyship. (*wipes his eyes*) Drink the tea—that'll comfort you— (L. of table)

IND. (*sweetly*) Thank you, Jennings—how good you are to me. Do you like me, Jennings, and do all the servants like me?

JEN. They'd go through fire and water for your

little ladyship, every mother's son of them—and my lady— I haven't seen her so cheerful since she lost Spitz—her King Charles poodle. (*starting to go*)

IND. (*shudders*) Jennings, stay here. Don't leave me! How long have you been with the family, Jennings?.

JEN. (*putting out light and arranging table*) sixty years—your little ladyship. My father was gamekeeper — for his Lordship's grandfather and when I was five years old I was taken into the house.

IND. Sixty years—and have you never thought of bettering yourself, Jennings?

JEN. (*proudly*) Impossible to do better. My master was second only to princes in title and in heart second to none. It's a great satisfaction to look back on my life and know that what was given to me to do has been done faithfully.

IND. (*leaning over, very much interested*) There are no old servants where I come from. Everybody wants to be masters and mistresses. (*imitating her father's accent*)

JEN. It's a great privilege to serve those we respect.

IND. Is it, Jennings?

JEN. (*warmly*) It's more than pleasure — to serve the right master, it's like pupil and teacher—friend and friend.

IND. (*in chair R. of table C., who had for a moment forgotten herself—starts—presses her hand to her heart*) Jennings, did you hear?— Jennings! He's coming— (*the door from THURSTON'S room is unlocked. INDIANA sits bolt upright— almost paralyzed with fear—JENNINGS exits quickly—saying*)

JEN. It will come out all right—it will come out all right— (*exit*)

(*The door opens and THURSTON enters—he is carefully dressed and carries himself proudly and relentlessly. As he enters INDIANA gives one swift glance at his face and then turns her eyes away. THURS. x's to L. of table as if going to door L. and then turns to INDIANA*)

THURS. I have weighed existing circumstances as fairly as possible and have concluded that our case is hopeless. (*INDIANA raises her head—sits with hands clasped—looking straight before her and listening intently*) The dread of a repetition of last night's frenzy degrading to me as a man to you as a woman and between husband and wife—horrible — (*turns away to hide his agitation*) Have you anything to say?

IND. (*weakly*) Nothing, except—I—would like my maid.

THURS. (*kindly*) I do not wish your maid to see you like this — you must help yourself this morning. (*turns up L. C. slightly*)

IND. (*with an instinctive cry*) Thurston! (*he stops*)

THURS. I shall breakfast with my mother; when you are quite composed and ready to receive her she will come to you—she thinks you retired early last night with a headache.

IND. Ah! She doesn't know—I am glad of that—very glad.

THURS. You will go with your people—to-day to Paris on a pleasure trip. You will return with them to America on a pleasure trip. I will break it to my mother—slowly—that you are not coming back—(*breaks down. Agitatedly*) If you had loved me—it might have been different—but how could I expect it—you have never been taught to love—to sacrifice for love but only to demand sacrifices from

others (*INDIANA shudders*) We must learn to love very early in life—or we lose forever the fine significance of that—which makes our mature life perfect—(*rings the bell. INDIANA rises from chair and x's slowly to door L. C., THURSTON'S eyes following her. She exits like one dazed and hopeless, as JENNINGS enters*) If your Mistress should wish anything—keep the other servants out—I can rely on you, Jennings.

JEN. You can, sir. (*goes up C.*)

(*Enter LORD STAFFORD with newspaper*)

STAF. Thurston—breakfast is over—your mother is uneasy about your absence—(*x's to fireplace*)

THURS. (*hopelessly*) I'll come at once. I'll come—(*goes out with his head down*)

JENNINGS. (*comes down R. of table collecting dishes on tray L. exits. LORD S. shakes his head dolefully—taking out cigar case, carefully selects a cigar—knock at door—young Flunkey enters—stops at entrance*)

FLUNKEY. The tray, please. The housekeeper says I'm to wait on her little ladyship in future—

JEN. (*going close to him*) Oh! you are, are yer?—the young puppy wants to sport himself in the drawing-room. Now you go and tell Madame the Housekeeper that this toothless old watch dog will never wag his tail by the kitchen fire. No—he'll follow his mistress till he drops down at her feet—get out—(*FLUNKEY exits quickly — JENNINGS takes tray jauntily on the palm of his hand*)

LORD S. (*laughing heartily*) Bravo! Bravo! Don't let the youngster depose you.

JEN. (*at entrance with a look*) Not if I know it, my lord. (*exits, mumbling at FLUNKEY*) (*LORD S. lights cigar—his hand trembles, which holds the*

*match, and he has some difficulty in lighting his cigar—it goes out)*

LORD S. (*looking at his shaking hand with a gesture of annoyance, throws down match*)

MRS. BUNKER. (*outside*) All right, I'll go right up, Jennings.

LORD S. (*with half grin*) Grandma—I guess—(*buries himself in his newspaper as GRANDMA CHAZY BUNKER enters dressed very fashionably, followed by JENNINGS*)

JEN. (*anxiously*) Her little ladyship left word she was not to be awakened, Madame—

MRS. B. (*seeing LORD S. behind paper*) Oh, very well—let her sleep—she needs it. Hello — (*to LORD S., slightly embarrassed at seeing LORD S.*)

LORD S. Howdy! (*exit JENNINGS*)

MRS. B. Good morning, Lord Stafford.

LORD S. I beg your pardon—good morning, Mrs. Bunker, you look charming this morning.

MRS. B. (L. C.) So Indiana is sleeping it off.

LORD S. I'm sure I don't know. (R. C.)

MRS. B. Did you see Thurston this morning?

LORD S. Yes?

MRS. B. He told you about—

LORD S. Thurston said nothing—I never ask questions.

MRS. B. Well, you English are the closest-mouthed persons. Indiana refused to come home—until—Thurston fetched her—neither would give in. Aren't you curious to know how it ended?

LORD S. I'm burning to find out.

MRS. B. (*contemptuously*) There's nothing burning about you—but your cigar—and—that's gone out—

LORD S. (*goes to table and puts down cigar on inkstand tray*) So it is—thank you—

MRS. B. (*x to R. C.*) We had a time getting her home. Do you think her mother and father had any influence with her—not a bit—Grandma Chazy did it. I sent the poor, deluded parents to bed—and I got into my wrapper and fussed about my room while she sat by herself in the parlor working herself up into a rage about her husband's tyranny—and every cab that passed—rushing to the window to see if he was coming. Well, I grew tired of her rambling, so I went to bed—she put her head into my room—she found me fast asleep—apparently—no gallery to play to, you know—of course she stopped. Grandma Chazy, where shall I sleep? On the sofa, dear, throw your cloak over you. I'd offer you half of mine—but it's only a single bed. She slammed the door in a rage. Bo! Ho! Ho! A few minutes later I peeked in and she was gone—(*goes up and sits R. of table*)

LORD S. (*sit L. of table*) If I ever marry—it shan't be an American, thank you.

MRS. B. Oh yes, you will, because you say you won't.

LORD S. Oh — then I shan't marry at all — that's the safest way. (*leaning elbows on table with fingers interlaced*)

MRS. B. The most dangerous—a man is never safe from marriage—until he is married. (*quickly reaches over with left hand and places it over his hands*)

LORD S. (*jumps up indignantly then laughs, Mrs. B. looks at him then she laughs*) Mrs Bunker—you are really the liveliest woman I have ever met (*x'ing to L. end of sofa*)

MRS. B. (*rising and following L. C.*) One must keep things going with you or—or it would be dead slow—

LORD S. So you think I'm an extinct crater, eh?

MRS. B. I never said so. An extinct crater is a place where there was once a fire burning. (*sits on R. end of sofa*)

LORD S. Oh! I say don't be too sharp—you don't know that—

MRS. B. (*calmly*) I'll prove it— (LORD S. *staggered*) A titled man with a good income—and good record—who has lived all these years unmarried—must have been either personally unattractive to women— (LORD S., *offended, rises*) or beastly selfish. (*rises*)

LORD S. (*x's to c. with rheumatic walk and then pulls himself together, x'ing R. turns to MRS. B. (rather baffled, coming down close to her)* By George—I'll prove to you that I am not unattractive to woman. (*back to c., meets MRS. B. holding out his hands*) (*laughs*) Mrs. Bunker—what would the world say if, after all these years I make a fool of myself and ask you to marry me?

MRS. B. Lord Stafford, as old as you are, you have not yet cut your wisdom tooth, or you would not propose to me in that way.

LORD S. Suppose I cut it on that question?

MRS. B. Oh, don't! The pain of the answer might give you a headache.

LORD S. Does yours ever ache?

MRS. B. What, my wisdom tooth?

LORD S. No! (*x'ing to fireplace*) The only tooth that aches a woman is the tooth of time (*turns quickly as if to apologize for having forgotten himself*)

MRS. S. (c.) Oh! Oh! I call a halt—

LORD S. (*following up his advantage and coming back to her*) And if I prove to you that I have enough fire left to divide between myself and another—what then?

MRS. B. (*innocently*) Ah! but that would take time—and we leave for Paris to-day.

LORD. S. (*contemplatively, R. of C.*) Oh!—well perhaps I'll run over with you—I know my Paris—as well as most Englishmen.

MRS. B. (*L. of C.*) You haven't asked if your company would be agreeable.

LORD. S. No—that's so. I took it for granted.

MRS. B. Never take anything for granted with a woman.

LORD. S. Does that mean I'm to go or not?

MRS. B. Prove you know your United States, guess! (*x to R. C., turns and meets THURSTON who enters, followed by MR. and MRS. STILLWATER who go. MR. S. up L. C., MRS. S. down L.*) Thurston, I'm dying to see Indiana. (*LORD S. bows to MR. and MRS. S. and goes to fireplace*)

THURS. (*to C. seriously*) One moment, my dear Mrs. Bunker— I have plans for the future, which is well for you to know. (*MR. and MRS. S. disturbed*)

MRS. B. (*R. C.*) Don't make any plans—and don't look so serious—you've made up your mind to something, I can see that—but she'll upset it all—you don't know Indiana.

THURS. No—and I never shall— Mr. Stillwater—your daughter is very anxious to go with you to Paris—and I have consented—

MRS. S. (*in front of sofa*) How good of you to let her. It is the only thing to complete my happiness.

MRS. B. I don't approve of it. (*goes up to seat at fireplace and sits*)

THURS. I am about making arrangements for a prolonged trip—for scientific purposes—which will keep me out of England—and I think it well for

your daughter to go home with you until—my mission is over.

MRS. S. (*at R. end and above sofa L.*) Nothing would suit us better—but—my dear fellow—is it good for a young married couple to separate so soon?

THURS. No, it is not good.

MR. S. Must you go?

THURS. (*raising his eyes and looking MR. S. full in the face*) I must.

MR. S. Well, I, for one, don't like it. (*puzzled*) How long do you expect to be away?

THURS. For several months—perhaps—forever—

(*All start apprehensively. MRS. B. rises as if to speak. The door of INDIANA'S room R. 1 E. is thrown open and she appears. She is dressed in a light house gown — her appearance fresh and her face beaming with smiles—a direct contrast to her former appearance—she looks as she had not a care in the world.*)

IND. (*in light, sweet, caressing tones*) Good morning, everybody. (*all appear relieved and smile in return, except THURS., who, rooted to the ground c., stands staring at her aghast. She comes with outstretched hands to LORD S.*) Dear Uncle Gerald, you want to kiss me good morning, don't you. Well, you shall. (*puts up her mouth to be kissed—then flitting airily to MR. S. she puts her arms about his neck and nestles up to him*) You dear old pop, I love you so. ( *rubs her face against his*) I was naughty last night, wasn't I. Don't tell anybody. You forgive me, don't you? There— (*kisses him a number of times and floats out of his arms—to her mother down L. MR. S. goes up L. c.*) You old goosie, you were afraid I wouldn't go home. Why didn't you take me by the shoulders and push me out?— But you couldn't be harsh with your little

Indy, your baby — your only one. I love you so. (MRS. S. in an ecstasy of joy is murmuring all sorts of caressing words over INDIANA—as if she were a child. INDIANA comes to MRS. B. and stands looking at her—half undecided how to approach her)

MRS. B. (her face relaxes into a smile and she shakes her finger warningly at INDIANA) You little monkey.

IND. (makes a good-natured grimace at her and x's to THURSTON and giving him a swift look puts up her cheek demurely) Good morning, Thurston. (THURSTON hesitates, then kisses her)

IND. (quickly, sweetly) Ah, here's dear Lady Canning. (enter LADY C. MR. and MRS. S. recognize her as she enters. THURS. goes up R. C., takes book from table and stands looking into it)

LADY C. (graciously) Good morning. (takes INDIANA'S outstretched hand, who comes to her L. C.) I'm so worried about this child—I wanted to come in and see you last night, dear, but Thurston wouldn't let me. I wanted to come in early this morning and Jennings wouldn't let me. Are you sure you feel quite well again?

IND. (brightly, sits in C. of sofa, LADY C. on L. of her, MRS. S. R. of her and MR. S. stands back of sofa) Splendidly. It was a bad spell while it lasted, but it's all over now I feel so much better. I won't have another attack for a long time, I hope, never—a bad spell is good for something—it makes me realize how much everybody loves me and how much I love everybody—and I do love you and you (kisses MRS. S.) and you dear Lady Canning. (kisses LADY C.)

LADY C. (overcome) My darling!

MRS. S. Darling, your husband says you are coming to Paris with us.

IND. (to LADY C.) I want you to scold Thurston.

He's too good. He's given in to them because they are dying for me to go, but I won't! I won't. I won't leave him—dear Lady Canning.

MRS. S. Oh! Indy!

MR. S. We can afford to compromise. You are coming home with us while he is on his trip.

IND. (*quickly*) What trip?

LADY C. (*severely*) Thurston— (*puts her arms about INDIANA*) He has an insane desire to go to the North Pole. But I thought marriage would cure him of it. Indiana, put down your foot—down once and for all, and refuse your consent.

IND. (*sweetly*) I put down my foot—oh, dear, no! He's the master. (MRS. S. and MRS. B. *nearly topple over with astonishment*)

MRS. B. I can't stand this. Are you going to Paris with us or not?

IND. (*offended, rises and x's to c.*) Grandma Chazy, I'm a married woman. I can't be running about like a young girl. (LADY C. *puts her arm about INDIANA*)

MRS. B. Are you going or are you not!

THURS. Yes, it's best.

MRS. S. That settles it. (*x'ing to door*) Good morning, Lady Canning. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

MR. S. We'll just run around to the hotel and get our things and call for you on our way to the station. Good morning, Lady Canning. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

MRS. B. (*x'ing to sofa. THURSTON comes down—following her every move with his eyes*) Good morning, Lady Canning—I wish I had your complexion, yes I do. (*x's to door L. 1 E. LORD S. has followed her to the door, back of sofa*) Good morning, Lord Stafford.

LORD S. (*under his mustache*) May I go over to Paris with you?

MRS. B. It's up to you. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

LORD S. I go— (*exit* L. 1 E.)

IND. Oh! (LORD S. *follows* GRANDMA C. *out*, *leaving* LADY C., THURS. *up* R., INDIANA *watching* them—*her face very serious*)

LADY C. Thurston, is anything wrong between you and Indiana?

THURS. Nothing, mother. (INDIANA *up*, *listening with every nerve*)

LADY C. How could you think of doing such a cruel thing. (*x'ing to* INDIANA)

THURS. (*above table* C.) I mean to do it, mother.

LADY C. Thurston, you are developing a very bad temper. You—you have never before acted in such an inconsistent—inconsiderate manner—and with such a sweet wife—you don't deserve her. It really doesn't do for a woman to love her husband too much—Indiana has spoiled you.

IND. (R. C., *pleadingly*) Don't scold him.

LADY C. I do not wish to see you again until you tell me that you have abandoned this foolhardy, heartless idea—for good and all. (*goes up with* INDIANA *toward door* R. 3 E.) My darling, forgive him for my sake.

IND. (*angelically*) I will, dear Lady Canning. I—It's very weak I know, but I couldn't be harsh with him no matter what he did. (THURSTON *aghast—in a whisper*) Leave him to me—it will be all right. (*exit* LADY C., R. 2 E. INDIANA *comes down back of sofa* R.)

THURS. You have played your part well— (INDIANA *raises her eyes supplicatingly, then drops them again*)

IND. I wasn't acting—I—

THURS. (*in horror*) And you can be so light hearted—

IND. No! No! I was acting. I mean I felt the

part—I do love everybody and I want to be good again and make up— (C.)

THURS. Cease—playing the spoilt child. (INDIANA watches him sharply—he turns quickly—she drops her eyes demurely—lips quivering like a child)

IND. (*seriously*) Now it's wrong of you to be so hard with me. I was good, wasn't I?—for three months and then when the folks rushed down on me like a river breaking the dam, and I saw the difference—in them—in myself—and I broke out—that's all. Thurston, if you go away—will you let me stay with your mother? (*at table C.*)

THURS. (*up R. C.*) As long as all the love is on my side—my wishes will always be commands to you—There should be no questions between a man and wife who love each other. It could not have ended otherwise. I shall make arrangements for your departure.

IND. But can't I say good-bye to Mother, I mean Lady Canning?

LORD C. (*above sofa R. C.*) Better go before she returns. (IND. *x's to door R. 1 E.*)

IND. (*turns at door*) I am going to Paris with my people—against my will—and—because you insist upon it—and—because I accept it as your wish—that I shall not return.

THURS. (*up R. C.*) Not as my wish—but as an inevitable result. I trusted to my strength to win your love and I have failed. It is not your fault—it is your youth that is to blame.

IND. I am not younger now than when I married you—and then you loved my youth, my wilfulness, my faults. I do not think it is honorable on your part to throw me over now—because of those old faults—and I have not developed any new ones so far. (THURS. *smile involuntarily*) (*x's to seat near him*) Thurston— (*stretching out her hands*)

Won't you shake hands with me, Good-bye —  
(THURS. *extends his hand with his eyes averted*,  
INDIANA *grasps it quickly and with a sigh of relief*  
*holds it fast*) (THURS. *tries to get IND. away*)

IND. (*desperately*) You shall listen to me. I won't let you go until you've heard it. All my life I have queened it over people—delighting to feel my power—to make the poor things who loved me bend to my will. Last night I saw the loathing in your face, when you turned from me and (THURS. *breaks away and down c.* IND. *goes to him*) Thurston, how could you have expected me to be so different. It wouldn't be natural if I was. I wanted to queen it over my husband, to be put on a pedestal and worshipped. I thought it enough if I let him love me—I never thought it was better to love than to be loved, to serve than to be served. Thurston, take my two hands—hold them fast—I—I—love you. (*directly in front of him*)

THURS. Indiana, for God's sake, don't play with me again.

IND. I love you. (*she draws his head down and kisses him*) (*they embrace*)

### WARN CURTAIN

THURS. Darling, I kept my promise, I did not give in.

IND. Yes, but I didn't think you'd keep it so hard.

JEN. The cab is waiting.

IND. (*looks at THURS., then goes up to window c., opens it and looks out*)

THURS. (*x's to R. C.*) Tell Mr. Stillwater that Lady Canning has taken a woman's privilege. You understand?

JEN. (*with a broad grin*) Yes, sir! I understand. Her ladyship's changed her mind. (*exits in great delight*)

IND. (*at window with THURS.*) There they all are, I'm not going. We've made it up. Good-bye. God bless you—God bless you all. (*turns to THURS.*) Thurston, I'll never break out again— (*come down to him*)

THURS. Yes you will, but I shall have love to help me.

(*Enter JEN. followed by GLEN—GLEN sees the embrace and exits L. 1 E. quickly*)

JEN. Mr. Stillwater says there's just time to catch the train— (*IND. goes to window*)

IND. I'm not going—God bless you—good-bye— Oh, they're coming up— (*to THURS.*) What will you say? What will you say? (*enter family L. 1 E. MR. S. and MRS. B. above sofa. MRS. B. down L. LORD S. enters R. 2 E., goes to MRS. B. c. LADY C. enters R. 1 E. to R. c.*) We've made it up (*L. of THURS. who has his arm around her*)

MR. S. My boy, how did you manage it?

THURS. (*with a look at IND., who awaits breathlessly his answer*) Oh! I gave in—

FAMILY. That's right, my boy, etc.

CONGRATULATIONS—PICTURE

CURTAIN







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